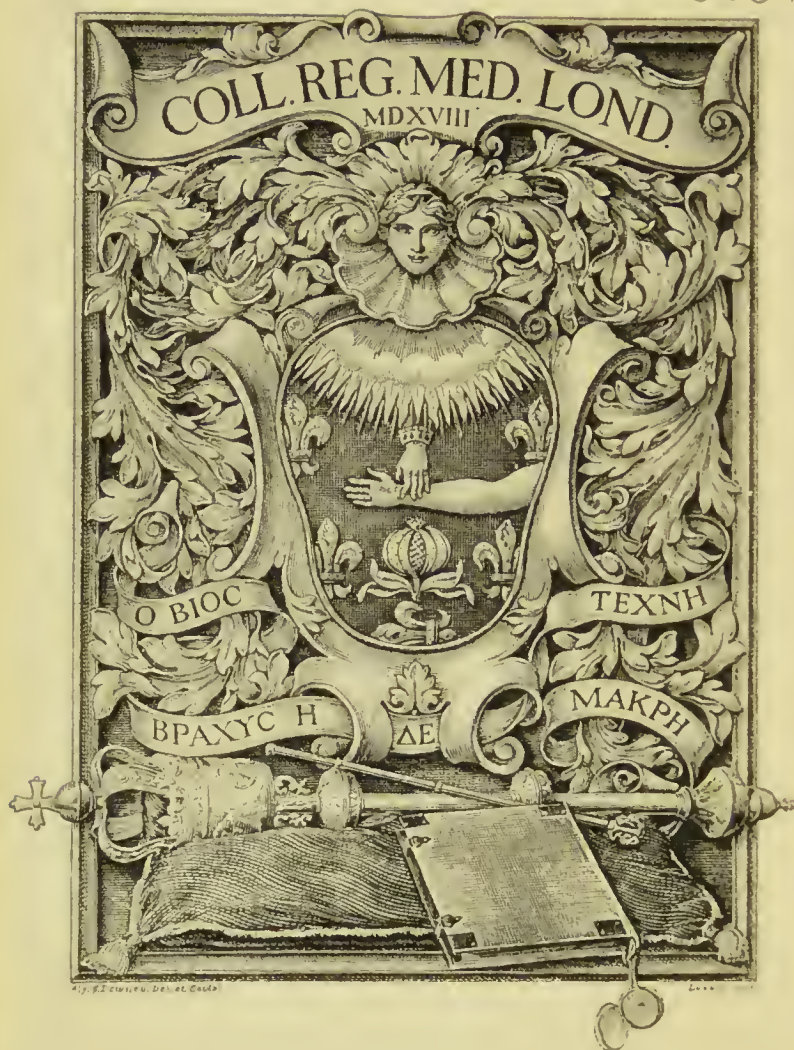







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THE  
BLACKSMITH  
OF  
ANTWERP,

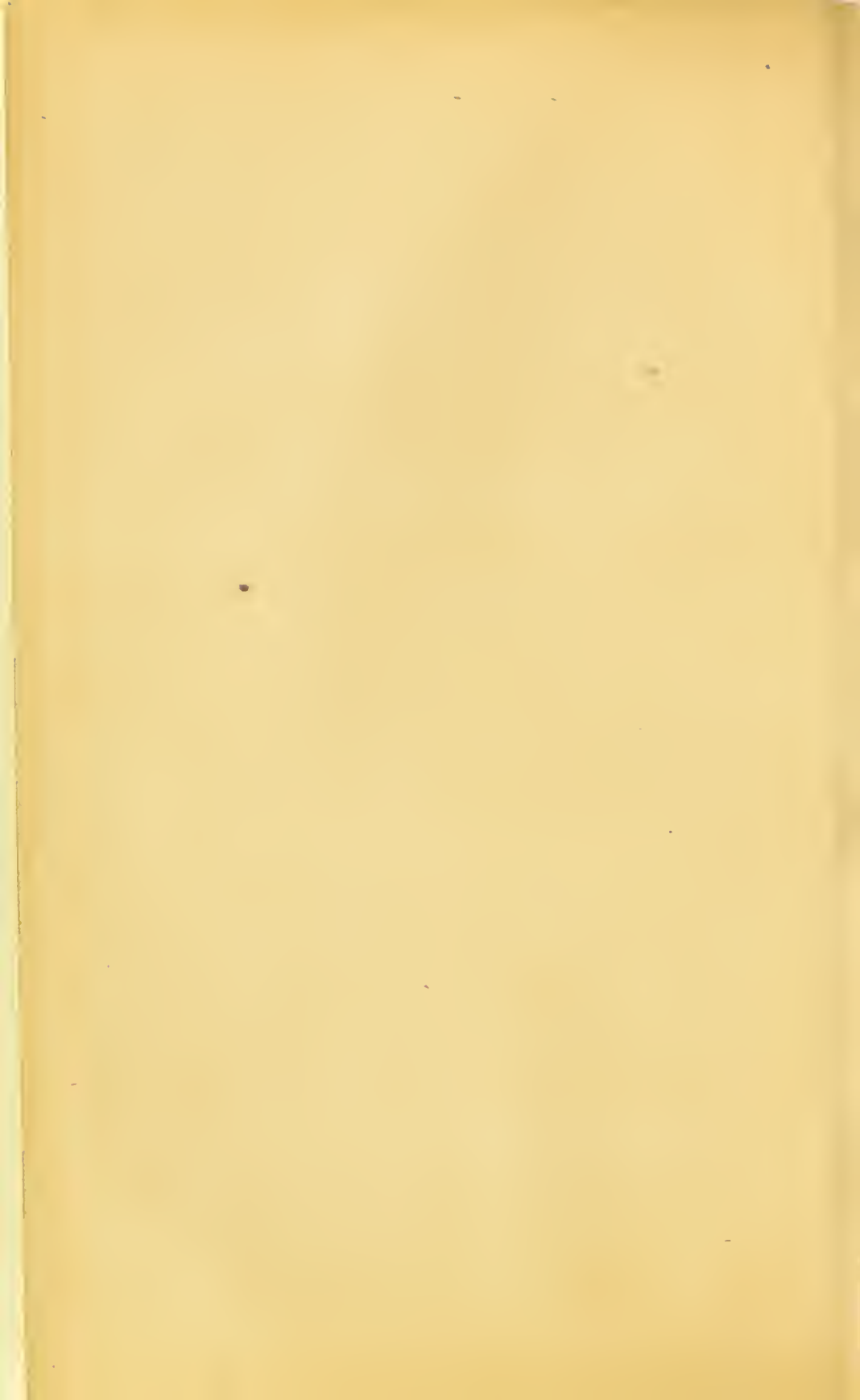
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*Richardson (1861)*

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## THE BLACKSMITH OF ANTWERP.

### Persons represented.

QUENTIN MATSYS, *Blacksmith and Artist.*

Heer MANDYNN, *Painter of Devils.*

BERGAMOT, *Heer Mandynn's Model.*

HANS BRINKT, *a Master Blacksmith.*

TYCHO (*a Hunchback*)

LUDWIG . . . . }

CONRADE . . . . }

*Apprentices of Hans Brinkt.*

KASPER BRINKT, *an Artist, Nephew of Hans Brinkt.*

ADRIAN, *Bishop of the Diocese of Cambray, including Antwerp.*

Father BASIL, { *Keeper of the Cathedral of Antwerp, and Chancellor  
of the Diocese.*

Father STEPHEN, *President of a Court of Inquisition.*

The Archduke MAXIMILIAN, *Marquis of Antwerp.*

TWO CITIZENS OF ANTWERP.

EXECUTIONER OF THE INQUISITION.

LISA, *Daughter of Heer Mandynn.*

Mistress BRINKT, *Wife of Hans Brinkt.*

GERTRUDE, *Daughter of Hans Brinkt.*

METSY, *Servant of Hans Brinkt.*

CHRISTINE, *Servant of Heer Mandynn.*

GRETCHEN, *Daughter of Bergamot.*

THE SIREN SISTER, *a Spirit.*

*Attendants on the Duke ; Chorus ; Dancers and Processionists.*



# THE BLACKSMITH OF ANTWERP.

## ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Blacksmith's Shop in Antwerp; before the shop, TYCHO, LUDWIG, and CONRADE. In the distance, at work and out of hearing, QUENTIN MATSYS.*

*Conrade.* But is it fair? I say, is it just or fair?

*Tycho.* Fair and just, say I, and richly deserved. Whatever comes of it, at the least, I go on with the plan.

*Ludwig.* So say I; I go on with the plan.

*Conrade.* But my comrades, listen! listen! What harm has he ever done to us, or to Master Brinkt, or to Kasper, or to any one? As to the suspicion that our master will disown his nephew, to the advantage of a workman, with whom he holds no kindred, and merely because the youth has shown such great skill in his work; I believe not a word of it.

*Tycho.* Then don't believe it.

*Conrade.* I have heard of such things as written in tales of wonder; but even then, flesh and blood are such strong ties that death is made to bring with separation a recantation of the past, and flesh and blood has been brought to claim its own.

*Tycho.* We want neither poetry nor sermons from you, Master Conrade; you are neither poet nor priest. I say it is a fact that our master has determined against Kasper, and that Kasper hates the cur as affectionately as I do.

*Conrade.* And if he does, what is that to you, or to me, or to Ludwig? To us what harm has he done?

*Ludwig.* To me, I cannot name any thing particularly serious; but, still as Tycho thinks, if, if—

*Tycho.* I will answer for you, lest you stammer yourself into

a culprit. I will answer for all of us. For me: he has laughed at my figure; made sport of my work; and raised himself generally at my expense.

*Conrade.* He never laughed at your figure, but pitied it.

*Tycho.* Oh! pitied, did he? I had rather that such as he had laughed than pitied. Pitied! ha! ha!

*Conrade.* With your work he never found fault but in joke; and as to raising himself at our expense, 'tis absurd. Why, it is acknowledged everywhere that he, in spite of his youth, is the greatest artificer in iron in all Europe. We are not expected to equal him. Now mark, Tycho: when you unedged his tools, and he found you out, did he not take it all in joke, and work early and late to make up for time he had lost by your folly, when he might have reported you to the Master? Deny that if you can. I wish not to flatter Quentin Matsys; but let us at least be fair to him, and honest and straightforward, and take nothing for granted against him that is not proved.

*Ludwig.* Yes, so say I, be fair; I am inclined to be honest, and straightforward and fair.

*Tycho.* I beg you not to interrupt me in my argument: it is will you, or won't you? If you like to let this pale-faced chicken, this crowing chicken, who doesn't dress like other blacksmiths, but shows a white hand, an elegant jerkin, and clean linen wherever you may meet him, ape the gentleman, in a word, night and day—be fair! oh, yes! be fair. If you would let him strut on your heads, clap his wings over your ears, ruin your work, for by comparison he does ruin all our work, marry our Master's daughter and become master here—be fair! oh, yes, be fair! and cringe to him, and sneak to him, and say, your servant, sir! your servant, sir! For me, I shall stand by Master Kasper; and you, why, you had better mind your doings. I am not so deformed but that a tongue is left me, and a memory, both of which are at your services when called for; ha, ha! when called for: hear my words—when called for.

*Conrade.* You have led us into many serious difficulties, but these you would surely not turn to our or your own destruction?

*Tycho.* I say neither one thing nor the other, only beware! bees sting under provocation, not otherwise; at other times they make honey, I believe. Let us go, Ludwig.

*Conrade.* Good-night, comrades; whatever your new plot may be, I will neither be bound to it, nor will I know of it. A deaf man hears no tales, a dumb man tells none, Good-night. I shall remain—

*Tycho.* You had better remain; I mean remain deaf and dumb. [*Exeunt TYCHO and LUDWIG.*]

*Conrade (alone).* Had I not been a follower in their follies, I were neither dumb nor deaf; could I stop that fool's tongue, I were sound both in sight and hearing. 'Tis but jealousy! jealousy! jealousy! Quentin has talent, genius: Ludwig has ambition, so jealousy seizes him and squeezes from him his real goodness, which, with all his faults, is not small. There is the daughter of our Master, little Gertrude, a mere child, who loves Quentin because even yet he makes her cunning toys: on her this Danish hunchback sets his wishes, and jealousy takes away his heart but not his wits: and Quentin loves the devil painter's daughter, Lisa, the beauty of Antwerp, and jealousy this time attacks Master Kasper, who would have her at all costs, and makes him devil altogether.

[QUENTIN, *who has been working at his design, comes forward.*]

*Quentin.* Conrade, 'tis kind of you; I see your meaning!

*Conrade.* Kind?

*Quentin.* Aye! that while now my other comrades leave  
To take their evening's pleasure, you have stay'd  
To see the end of this my first great work.  
Believe me, Conrade, should this simple chasing,  
When mounted in the old Cathedral wall,



Outlive ourselves, and in futurity  
 Be gazed at by the travellers of all climes,  
 And so fulfil e'en more than my choice hopes,  
 There were no act, in all the acts, more pleasing  
 Than this kind sympathy of yours to me.  
 Come see the work, and think you of to-morrow.  
 The master says all Antwerp will be up,  
 And crowds will enter from without to see it.  
 I dare say some will sneer, and others laugh ;  
 But if you, Conrade, and Ludwig, and Tycho,  
 And Master Brinkt, and one I dare not name,  
 If you approve, I shall be satisfied.  
 But stay, you're pale, rest here, rest here on me.

*Conrade.* Oh, Quentin ! Quentin ! you have touched my heart ,  
 And made me feel the wretchedest of men.  
 Beware, my comrade, of false friends ; beware !  
 The genius that befits you for your art  
 Draws from you all the cunning of the world.  
 You scarcely guess how little I deserve  
 Your generous words and heart-relying faith.  
 I will try, Quentin, from henceforth I will try  
 To earn your good esteem before I take it ;  
 For that which is not earned is dirty dross.  
 I am stronger now ; good-night—and by the time  
 The sun shines out anew, I'll say good-morrow.

[*Exit Conrade.*

*Quentin.* What said he ? genius, filling me with art,  
 Draws from me all the cunning of the world !  
 Now what care I for genius or for cunning ?  
 Who thinks I feed ambition by my craft  
 Knows nothing of the stronger impulse—*love* !  
 I am so happy ; all the world to me  
 Is gloriously good ; like parent Adam,  
 In sinlessness awaiting yet his Eve,

And having but one care, to see her face,  
 And hear her say the gentle words of love,  
 I wait in hope ; while all the love I hold  
 Rolls back on me ; the very birds love me,  
 And to my hammer their sweet matins sing.  
 My master, Conrade, even hunchback Tycho,  
 With his fixed sourness, Gertrude, th' Priest, and Kasper,  
 And Mistress Brinkt, and Metsy, and the men  
 Who bring their custom here to Master Brinkt,  
 They all love me, and speak in kindness.  
 But better, happier fate, my Lisa, fairest  
 Of Antwerp's far-fam'd daughters, with a voice  
 Sweetest of all, gentlest of all, and dearest,  
 She loves, and whispers love with every word ;  
 She's mine, and none, however good, can claim her.  
 If any ask what magic touched this hand,  
 And made the iron pliant to the will,  
 And turned it into subtle begging beauty,  
 I'll answer, it was love ; and Thou, oh Father !  
 Who gav'st us this prerogative of love,  
 Shalt have thy servant's work in thine own house,  
 Set up to Thee, an offering of love.  
 Accept it, as Thou gav'st, and hear my call.  
 There is soft music surely on the air ;  
 I am entranced, and words fall on my ear  
 I have not heard before.

*[Siren sister sings, unseen.]*

Trust thou in love,  
 It will bear thee thy way ;  
 No dangers can move  
 While love holds its sway.  
 But dangers may gleam,  
 So pray thee be wise ;  
 If love make thee dream,  
 Thou may'st wake in surprise.

SCENE II.—*A Room in the House of HANS BRINKT, in Antwerp. Present—HANS, Mistress BRINKT, GERTRUDE, and KASPER.*

*Hans.* If there were ever one season to be merry in more than another, 'tis to-night, wife, 'tis to-night. Bring me my fiddle, Gertrude, wench, and sing, sing! To think now, Mistress Brinkt, that I, who forty years ago came into Antwerp—we may say it without boasting, for there are no strangers here—came into Antwerp, begging almost a crust by the way, should to-morrow banquet with the Duke—with the Duke, wife! and that, too, to complete a ceremony the crowning work of which is done by an artist who was none other than my apprentice, who went into competition with all Europe, and carried the design; the greatest artist now in all Europe, to say nothing of Asia and the places under the earth which the Portuguese are talking of; my apprentice! think of it—think of it—the greatest blacksmith in Europe!

*Mistress Brinkt.* And the best blacksmith, too, Hans, always excepting yourself, you know!

*Gertrude.* And the handsomest blacksmith, too, father, always excepting yourself, you know, as mother says!

*Hans.* No, daughter, no; give me my fiddle. What want you to get of me, young flatterer? You don't think me handsomer than Quentin! No, no, that won't pass, Gertrude; no, no!

*Mistress Brinkt and Gertrude.* We do though, indeed we do.

*Hans.* Well, it is perhaps true; there is in my age perchance a dignity, and a serenity, and a force, which Quentin hath not. 'Tis not against the youth I say this, for youth will be youth, and he will grow to my standard. True, true.

*Kasper (who is pretending to read). [Aside]* The ancient idiot! to think of his drawing comparisons between himself and this blacksmith servant, his vassal! Oh, let me have my chance;

for, as the book which Father Alexis gave me for perusal says here, revenge is as fair as it is sweet, when anger is not spontaneous in the avenger; and to do evil that good may come, is a precept worthy of all acceptance.

*Hans.* Kasper! Kasper! man! what goes wrong with you? you screw up your face until you liken it to the head of my big cremona! Now we are all merry and free of care, you sit there like a scourging monk, with his back still sore, and the hours of silence on. We shall have you next suppressing the plague by your austere penances! I could help you to a little chaunting in that direction, if you would do the scourging. Well, if you won't be merry, why you won't; I'll say no more, neither in joke nor in earnest.

*Gertrude.* What shall you wear to-morrow, cousin?

*Kasper.* Black!

*Gertrude.* You will have to go before the Duke, and, by the card, you were to have followed Quentin; but he declined, and would have it that you should go first; not only because you are father's nephew and my cousin, but because your father is a great artist, much greater artist, he says, than he is himself.

*Kasper.* Truly, this noble workman is very condescending to our poor family. It speaks well for his years.

*Mistress Brinkt.* Nay, Kasper, there is little occasion for you to be angry with Quentin; he did not arrange the card, and that which he spoke to Gertrude I heard. It was very properly, modestly, and kindly spoken. I took it as a compliment, for my part.

*Kasper.* Most probably; I do not; in this we must agree to differ, or we may differ on the point of agreement.

*Hans.* I demand peace. Wife, hold your tongue; and Gertrude, your's; I may have said too much myself. It is natural that these young men should have some foolish jealousy between them. Here is our Kasper, a steward of ten talents; and there is Quentin, a steward of ten talents. But Kasper, having no need of usury, puts up his talents in the napkin; and Quentin,

having to live by his skill, lays his out to the best purpose. It is the old chapter; the one is jealous of the other's industry; the other is jealous of the first one's wealth. Make it up, my children, make it up: life is too short, I assure you, to be spent in anger.

*Gertrude.* I'm going to twine a garland, and so you shall not say I am making disturbances; only I will say, before I go, that I believe Quentin Matsys is above being jealous of anybody. A true artist is never jealous: a true artist never scowls: there, that is for all who like it. If I were to die to-morrow, I would leave Quentin all my savings, because he is not jealous: oh! you need not shake your fiddle-stick at me: I would, in face of a hundred fiddle-sticks. I'll go and make a will this moment, that I will. Good-bye, Kasper; good-bye, cousin of the green shade. I would wear green to-morrow were I you: fie on black: green, cousin, green.

*Hans.* Away, away, you mischief-making jade. I'll have you marry a sharp husband, who will put discreet speech in your mouth. [Exit GERTRUDE.]

*Enter METSY.*

Well Metsy, what do you come giggling for?

*Metsy.* You told me you had messages at seven, and I have dressed myself to take your orders.

*Hans.* True, true, I am going to make you ambassador to the Antwerp courts. Let me see: you will go first from here to the Burgomaster, and tell him the chasing is finer than gold-work, and the whole gate finished to the rub of a file; that it will be in its place by nine of the clock to-morrow, ready for the uncovering; and that his chair, with those of the senate, are to the right of the statue of St. Peter.

*Metsy.* Yes, sir.

*Hans.* Then go you to Father Basil, keeper of the Cathedral: say your master's duty to the Father, and that if it be agreeable to him the lads will ring a peal after the ceremony.



*Mistress Brinkt.* And when you have delivered that message, Metsy, give to the holy man this altar-piece, and say that it is from me and his little friend Gertrude, presented to Holy Church.

*Kasper.* And don't forget, on your own part, to secure his blessing: you require it urgently.

*Metsy.* Yes, Sir.

*Hans.* Thence in your rounds, for I have taken all in order, call in upon Heer Mandynn, the painter. He despises all art that has not in it two ingredients, canvas and the devil: but never mind; tell him that the iron gate is complete; that it will be the wonder of Europe; that at the unveiling to-morrow, I have secured for him two seats in the southern loft, marked with his name: and that to-morrow night we shall be proud if he and Lisa will honour us with their company, when I will introduce to him my artist in iron.

*Mistress Brinkt.* That will be excellent; he may be useful to the youth, if he takes to him.

*Hans.* He may; more than that, I have other reasons; I know something I must not tell.

*Metsy.* So do I.

*Hans.* Then don't tell, and don't giggle.

*Metsy.* No, Sir.

*Hans.* You remember your messages?

*Metsy.* I do, Sir, truly.

*Kasper (aside).* He has other reasons, other reasons: what reasons? Can he know that this blacksmith loves Lisa Mandynn? And that fool of a woman, what does she know? I must quiet her; I must quiet them all: death or vengeance, I must quiet them all. It is a raging fire that eats me up.

[Exit KASPER.]

*Hans (who has been observing Kasper).* I know not, wife, how it is, nor am I superstitious about presentiments, but the manner of that nephew of ours of late disturbs me.

*Mistress Brinkt.* There is an angry passion in his breast. I have guessed it long, and so has Gertrude.

*Metsy.* And so have I, for I have seen such things.

*Hans.* What have you seen?

*Metsy.* You may laugh at me if you will; but I take it that when a man goes to bed every night and doesn't get into bed, all can't be well.

*Hans.* No. What else?

*Metsy.* My cats have all died.

*Hans.* What of that?

*Metsy.* My cats died as if of poison.

*Hans.* Pshaw! Woman, how know you that your cats die of poison? Cats will die. You had better keep a wise counsel. What else?

*Metsy.* The witch Hurlane, whose hunchback you keep, comes again here.

*Hans.* When she next comes, tell me; I'll give her more for her visit than she ever had for her craft. Now about your businesses.

[*Exeunt METSY & MISTRESS BRINKT.*]

*Hans.* Something is wrong: there is a weight of dread  
Pressing upon my heart, which natural mirth,  
Most natural to me, will not shake off.  
Kasper, I cannot do the memory  
Of all my kindred such distrust and shame,  
As to imagine thee worse than a fool:  
A fool and idler, boasting of to-morrow  
And measuring not to-day. Youths will be jealous;  
But time, the leveller, levels jealousy.  
I'll watch and wait. What is to be, must be.  
We cannot change the second of an hour  
With all our skill, nor cast a single line  
Into the future: but by vigilance  
We may keep up with currencies, and when  
The iron glows to sparkling heat may bend it,  
And to a ploughshare turn th' intended sword.

SCENE III—*The Studio of Heer MANDYNN, full of Paintings of Devils. MANDYNN at his easel.*

*Mandynn.* My hand to-day is bad for great designs.  
I must try sketching for a slight relief.

Bergamot, Bergamot, Prince of Devils, come forth.

*Enter BERGAMOT as a model, in shape of a devil.*

*Bergamot.* I am your servant, ready to command.

*Mandynn.* You picture your original right well.

*Bergamot.* Sir, I am honoured by your flattering speech.

*Mandynn.* Not words, Bergamot, but acts, I say acts.

I'll sketch to-day at random; take your place.

*Bergamot.* I wait your orders.

*Mandynn.* Put on a gentle grin, and show your teeth.

[*Sketches.*

Enough; now give a profile, with your hand  
Outstretched towards the door upon the right.

[*Sketches.*

'Twill do; now seize the trident, turn its points  
Towards the earth, and with a dexterous pierce  
Transfix the victim lying there before you,  
And hold him firmly with a devilish leer.

[*Sketches.*

'Tis admirable, by the rood, 'tis admirable;  
The best design I have had these twelvemonths past!  
Another touch or so; close your left eye,  
'Tis an improvement; wheel the other round;  
A squint infernal; 'tis a grand position.

*Bergamot.* I am glad you like it.

*Mandynn.* Silence, fiend! now blow fire, blow fire!  
Blue as the firmament, and forked as lightning!

[*Sketches.*

You are a perfect devil: keep it up.

[*Sketches.*

Good ; now let your victim loose from off your spear,  
 Hold him at arm's length, and retain him there ;  
 Raise up your arm as tho' you'd dash him down  
 Some hideous precipice, or hell itself.

[*Sketches.*

Shake him in violent rage, set your teeth firm,  
 Show hate, show scorn, show laughing exstacy !

[*Sketches.*

Glorious ! glorious ! Satan, I have thee now !  
 Lay down your mortal, now approach the statue,  
 Lean fondly on her shoulder, in her ear  
 Whisper, and look as sweet as innocence.

[*Sketches.*

Sweet Satan ! I have got thee safely here.  
 Now cringe, and look ashamed, and deadly cunning ;  
 'Tis not so well as I have seen you do it ;  
 Take care, I'll hurl this pallette at your head !  
 (*Aside*) That is the way to bring the passions out.  
 Good, good, good, I break my word for once ;  
 Keep it up, keep it up !

[*Sketches.*

Now raise yourself erect in majesty ;  
 Pick up your tail into a graceful bend ;  
 Take it beneath your arm, then turn your steps  
 Towards the door, and proudly stride away.  
 Come back again, less fast and more erect ;  
 Stand still, and rest your head upon your hand.

[*Sketches.*

Majestic, fiend ! I have thee here again.  
 Now show your cloven feet, how they can dance.  
 Quiet, devil, quiet ! I cannot sketch so fast.

[*Pauses.*

*Bergamot.* Master !

*Mandynn.* Right ; I am master. *Bergamot,* retire !

Take your refreshments ; when an hour is gone  
I shall return ; and when I call, be ready.

*Bergamot.* Aye, Sir.

[*Exit.*

*Mandynn.* When first that fellow sat for my designs  
He had nor science, manners, nor e'en shape.  
By skilful training now he has them all ;  
And not a painter rival in the world  
Has such a model. 'Tis a happy fate,  
Not only to have chosen such a subject,  
But to have lighted on a Bergamot.  
For what is art, in e'en its noblest phase,  
But Bergamot addressing men through art ?  
Is Bergamot the artist then, or I ?  
Let's put the point : had I no Bergamot,  
My patrons had no devils ; the devil no form.  
But then a Bergamot might live for ever ;  
And but for me, what were a Bergamot ?  
A rude, uncouth, and ignorant buffoon,  
Dancing in shows and standing on his head,  
As he did when I snatched him from the stage.  
Therefore, 'tis clear I make him Bergamot,  
And paint him Bergamot, the model devil !  
Not Bergamot the mountebank, but devil !  
The logic stands with me : the artist, I ;  
And he a common mortal, but for me ;  
And thus the art is doubled, and is mine.  
I will go forth, and in the cool of eve  
Nourish this immortality of dust ;  
And let the air calm genius into labour,  
For artist who would live must never rust !

[*Exit.*

*Enter CHRISTINE & METSY.*

*Christine.* Pray, take a seat, my master goes his stroll ;  
It is his hour for walking and for thought.  
If he return not soon, I will come back  
And talk to you, to wile away the time.

[*Exit.*



*Metsy.* Alone, alone, and surely not alone !  
 Oh, horror ! what an awful company !  
 A dead man stuffed, outstretched upon the floor,  
 And devil's eyes upon me everywhere !  
 It is a comfort I confessed myself,  
 And have the blessing of a saint upon me.  
 Pshaw ! they are only pictures after all.  
 But folks do say he has a league with Satan,  
 And that the devil, for considerations  
 I dare not think of, comes and sits to him.  
 What if the devil once sat in this chair ?  
 I dare not sit ; and truth the chair is warm.  
 I can't say that I like the place at all ;  
 I'll go, and call again ; but where's the door ?

[*Tries the wainscot all round, and, pushing open the door of  
 BERGAMOT'S room, discovers him in devil's gear at supper.*

*Bergamot.* Don't be alarmed, my dear, 'tis only me !

*Metsy.* Only him ! Where shall I fly ? I'll scream !  
 I'll raise the roof ! Help ! help !

*Enter LISA MANDYNN.*

*Lisa.* What is the matter ? Do not scream, good woman ?  
 The people from the street will rush upon us !

*Metsy.* Oh, God, I wish they would ; help ! help ! my masters.

*Lisa.* Pray, pray be calm, it's only Bergamot ;  
 She takes you, Bergie, for the fiend himself !  
 'Tis only Bergamot, my dearest woman,  
 My father's model : Bergamot's a man,  
 And has a wife and seven little babies.

*Metsy.* God help them all, the little bottle-imps,  
 And his poor wife ! Help ! help ! help ! oh help !

*Lisa (to Bergamot).* Undress yourself of all your model gear,  
 The mob will break the doors and kill my father,  
 And seize the whole of us. Now, my good heart,  
 Do but one moment hold your peace, and rest !

*Bergamot (returning in a loose dress).* *Metsy ?*

*Metsy.* Karel ! you, Karel ?

*Bergamot.* Yes, me, my cousin ; Karel, roving Karel !

*Metsy.* And you a devil, Karel ? Get behind me !

*Bergamot.* No devil, Metsy, but your roving cousin.

The matter is, that I was nearly starving,  
When Master Mandynn saw me at a play  
And brought me here ; and here I sit for him,  
And get up antics that would make you laugh  
More than the juggling tricks of olden time.  
Come, take a kiss, old woman, and be good.

*Metsy.* Oh, Mistress Lisa ! how he made my heart  
Beat in my breast ; so after all this stir  
'Tis only Karel. Karel I hope that he  
Whom you depict hath thrown no spell o'er you,  
I've heard such things, that they who mock do catch  
The mocking part, my cousin.

*Bergamot.* No fear of me, I say my prayers too often,  
And the confessor knows the occupation.

*Metsy.* If the confessor knows, then all is well,  
Because he'd shrive you for the worst of sins.  
I do believe that holy Father Basil,  
If he is your confessor, he would shrive  
The fiend himself.

*Bergamot.* Well, he is my confessor, so 'tis good ;  
And now to business. What do you do here ?


*Metsy.* Well, you see, to-morrow there is going to be a great  
stir in the Cathedral. Master Quentin Matsys, Good Quentin,  
has made an iron gate, I don't know what for, but there is such  
a hubbub—people coming all day to see it, and giving me  
presents for showing it them over hours. The Duke himself  
has been—he has indeed—and to-morrow they are to put it in  
the Cathedral, and master is going to wear a red cap, and the  
boys are going to ring the bells, and the priest to chant a Te  
Deum ; and master thought, Mistress Lisa, that you and your  
father would like to go to the sight, so he sends you word that

there are two seats in the southern loft, where you'll see everything; and then he wants you to come and dance in the evening; and I believe he means you, Mistress Lisa, to dance with Quentin. Now don't look red; Quentin is such a nice youth, and so good, I don't mind sleeping in the next room to him, I don't, with the door wide open.

*Lisa (aside).* I hope indeed we may accept the offer!

*Bergamot.* I like that Quentin much; when my poor child That died was dead, he cut me out a tablet,  
And put the prettiest verses underneath,  
And wouldn't take a stiver for the work,  
Because, he said, he lov'd the little soul.

*Metsy.* That's just like him; and now I well remember  
How hard he worked at it, but little thought  
It was your poor child's tomb, my sorrowing cousin.  
Why do you hide your name, and take another?

*Bergamot.* I have my reasons; but the master comes,   
I must away; if he should find me here,  
He'd think his secret gone, and all his fame.  
I'll see you soon again. [BERGAMOT retires.

*Enter MANDYNN.*

*Mandynn.* What now? who's here? and what's the business  
That brings me female visitors to-night?  
*Lisa,* explain; I hope there is no intrigue.

*Lisa.* None, father. This good woman comes to us  
From honest Brinkt, the smith; her master sends  
His best respects and wishes, and— (*hesitating.*)

*Metsy.* And says, Sir, that to-morrow there will be,  
In the Cathedral, such a goodly—

*Mandynn (interrupting).* I know, I know, you mean a goodly *show*;  
I know it all—a trumpery iron gate,  
Made by a beggar boy named Quentin Matsys,  
Is to be shown; 'twill be a *show* indeed.  
I saw your master's nephew, artist Kasper;  
He has explained it to me—say no more.

*Metsy.* But Master Brinkt esteems—

*Mandynn.* I want to hear no more.

*Lisa.* Oh, hear her message out, it is so kind.

*Mandynn.* What, you against me too?

*Metsy.* I must tell all.

My master has reserved two seats for you  
In the cathedral.

*Mandynn.* Damn the cathedral! there's not a devil in it.

*Lisa.* Oh speak not, father, thus in profanation  
Of our most noble and most holy temple.

*Mandynn.* Why don't they put a devil in it then?  
One devil surely 'mongst so many saints  
Would have a good effect, if but in contrast.  
Instead of this they mount an iron gate,  
And call it art, and ask me to go praise it.  
No, not an ell go I.

*Lisa.* But I?

*Mandynn.* Not half an ell: when to good sense they come,  
Your father shall be artist to the church.  
Then you may go.

*Metsy.* Sir, if you will not take my master's offer  
To the cathedral, will you come at night,  
And, as my message runs, join in the mirth?  
Or let fair Lisa come, if you will not?

*Mandynn.* No! nor that either; take my remembrances  
To Master Brinkt, tell him 'tis kindly meant,  
But that I cannot, as an artist, flatter  
An iron-worker by such recognition  
Of brotherhood in art; I shall not come.  
Here woman, take a coin and do your duty.  
Good-night, good-night.

To bed, my child, 'tis time for you to bed.  
Bergamot, Bergamot, Prince of Devils, come forth!

[Scene closes.]

SCENE IV—*The Cathedral-yard at night.**Enter KASPER.*

*Kasper.* I've watched and dogged his steps each hour this eve.  
 First to the mansion of the sainted Mary,  
 He followed up a fast retreating nun,  
 And hung about the gate and tried to enter,  
 And climbed the wall and took a look around,  
 And sighed, and then returned; and now he waits  
 In silent expectation at the gate  
 Of the cathedral-yard. What is his plot,  
 I wist not. Curse that hunchback spy!  
 If he is faithless, all our scheme is gone.  
 It is a famous scheme to be destroyed,  
 The spotless Quentin and the spotless nun:  
 Oh, Holy Inquisition, what a scene!

*(Enter Hunchback stealthily.)*

Good Master Tycho, where have you been kept?

*Tycho.* I've watched, my master, as you bade me watch:  
 And now at this late hour in nun's attire  
 From out the painter's gate a lady comes.  
 'Twas hard to escape her; she is on my steps.

*Kasper.* Let us retire, and see the play play'd out.

*[They retire.]**Enter QUENTIN.*

*Quentin.* The time wears on, joy of my heart, my own,  
 Where dost thou wait, and wherefore?  
 Do waxen slumbers steal and close thine eyes?  
 Or watchful guardians stop thee in thine hopes?

*Enter LISA habited as a nun.*

*Lisa.* Nor one, nor other; but my father's fears  
 Held him from rest and me from thy embrace.

*Quentin.* Thou hast no fear, sweetest of nuns, and freest;



The time was slow as my poor heart was quick.  
 Here let us sit, and now, while time flies fast,  
 For time is treacherous in the eyes of love,  
 Beneath the list'ning stars and o'er the dead,  
 Both silent as the night, forget the world,  
 And in our own sweet world, live for the hour.  
 Hast thou no news to pour into mine ear,  
 And make me happy for to-morrow's work'?

*Lisa.* No, dearest, save that thou art only mine.

*Quentin.* It is enough to last me for a year.

*Lisa.* Nay, say not for a year ; that is short space.

*Quentin.* I say then for a life, a life prolonged  
 Even beyond the hour of mortal death.

I often dream, my Lisa, that to those  
 Who love as we, there cannot well be death.  
 For love is not an attribute of dust ;  
 It is an essence from the eternal cause,  
 And traced, like Him, in immortality.  
 If in each others arms we now should die,  
 Think'st thou those stars that shine so softly down,  
 And twinkle to us with such gentle meaning,  
 Could see us part for ever, and still shine ?

*Lisa.* I think they could not. I believe in stars.  
 They would invite us to their crystal spheres,  
 And sing to us : for some say stars do sing,  
 And that our holy martyrs, at the point  
 When cruel men were torturing out their souls,  
 Have heard, ere yet the living thread were rent,  
 The starry chorus singing them away,  
 Which made them happy in their agonies.

*Quentin.* Aye, that is true, and thou hast sung a strain  
 In a true poet's vein, and touched the heaven.  
 But we must deal with earth as well as heaven.  
 What says thy father ?

*Lisa.* There is no gulf impassable between us,  
 But as thou lov'st me, Quentin, pardon him ;  
 He is not wicked nor malevolent,  
 But strange and fanciful as summer clouds.  
 Sometimes he smiles on me in tinge of gold,  
 Then blackens, and gives out such dreadful sounds  
 As shake my heart, like to the bursting storm.

*Quentin.* Hast told him of my love and my distress ?  
 My hope to be as worthy of thy hand,  
 As thou art worthy to be called his daughter ?

*Lisa.* 'Twas on my lips to say the word to-night :  
 But Master Brinkt, your master, kindly sent  
 An invitation for to-morrow's fête,  
 When all will do thee honour. Forgive him, Quentin.  
 It was an invitation kindly meant,  
 But rudely taken : oh ! I pray forgive him ;  
 For though he did despise thy simple art,  
 It was in ignorance of thee and thine.

*Quentin.* Forgive, my Lisa ! I have felt no wrong ;  
 And from thy father wrong I could not feel.  
 But said he then no more ?

*Lisa.* When that his rage was past, he was as calm  
 And gentle as thyself ; and at his feet  
 He made me sing the songs my mother taught me.  
 And then, in solemn earnestness, he said  
 That all his soul was buried in his art ;  
 And if I lov'd him, I should sympathize,  
 And follow out his wishes to their end.

*Quentin.* And did'st thou promise even to the end ?

*Lisa.* I asked his wishes first ; then knowing thee,  
 Thy love, thy genius, and thy trusting self,  
 I promised ; and he sealed the promise safe.

*Quentin.* What promise ? rests it then on me ?

*Lisa.* It rests with thee ; I promised I would love

None but an artist—artist like himself,  
 In paint, on canvass, all a painter artist.  
 Then as he pressed me to his breast, I begged  
 That should two artists claim my maiden hand,  
 As one had done whom I could never love,  
 His choice or mine should be decided by  
 The genius of the lover in his art.

*Quentin.* And thou did'st well, my love, and thou may'st  
 trust me ;

'Tis true, I am not schooled to brush and canvass,  
 But art is art, expressed in paint or iron.  
 And I remember, on the abacus  
 When I traced out the simple iron gate,  
 That Father Basil, who has travelled much,  
 Commended me to study such designs.  
 Lisa! I am a painter from this hour!

*Lisa.* My own, thou art ; and though the Fates forbid  
 That I to-morrow should behold thee crowned  
 In the first laurels fit for artist's brow,  
 My soul will still be there ; and when the bells  
 Ring out their melodies, the subtle strains  
 Will bear a message from thy heart to mine.  
 But see, the morning light is gilding fast  
 The brighten'd vanes : what rustling noise is there ?

*Quentin.* It was the wind bearing our tale of love  
 To meet the sun, ere yet he kisses earth.

*Lisa.* There is a chilly fear creeps over me.  
 Hark! from the virgin's tower a songster's voice!

[*Siren sister sings.*

Holy vows must not be broken,  
 Else did I love ;  
 Holy vows must not be broken  
 With Him above.

Happy ye who hold the token,  
 Life and love your all ;  
 Cautious ye who hold the token,  
 Lest it fall—lest it fall.

*Lisa.* 'Tis a strange song at such an hour, I trow.

*Quentin.* That songster thus unseen has once before  
 Sung out to me in music such as this.

There is a legend very, very old,  
 That oft o'er Antwerp there has passed a spirit,  
 Singing to lovers who are just and true.  
 She's called the siren sister, and 'tis said  
 That when she sings to lovers all alone,  
 The song bodes ill ; but that when to them both  
 She sings, as to us now, then come what will,  
 An age of iron or an age of gold,  
 All will be well, and they will be united ;  
 Perchance that was this siren sister's voice.

*Lisa.* It is a famous thought, and I could listen  
 To hear thee speak for ever, aye, for ever !  
 But now our farewell once more must be said,  
 The sun will rise if that we linger long.

*Quentin.* Yet but a moment stay,  
 But yet a moment. Wear thou this for me ;  
 It is an iron pledge, but richly wrought,  
 It will not hurt thy beauty, nor yet pierce  
 Thy heaving breast, nor e'en enchain thy will  
 Longer than thou canst bear it with endurance.  
 When that it pains thee, cast it in the fire.

*Lisa.* Oh never will it pain, nor shall the fire  
 Efface its beauty. Here, a ring I give thee,  
 Unbroken, and of gold. The gold and iron  
 Are types of love ; the one is rich and hopeful,  
 The other firm and chaste ; and both enduring.  
 I must not linger for a moment more.

*Quentin.* Nay, let me follow thee but a few steps.

*Lisa.* It were not wise ; the tokens then might fall.

Farewell ! to-day be happiest of thy year.

The bells will ring their joyous peals full soon.

*Quentin.* Nay, happiest day when bells shall ring our union.

But go, and God be with thee evermore.

*[Exit LISA, followed by QUENTIN.]*

TYCHO & KASPER *come forward.*

*Kasper.* Now curse thee, Hunchback, that with laughing leer  
Could listen to such loving ; see my writhings ;  
Yet laugh till you did well nigh make them hear  
Your craven cracked-pot voice, and ruin all.

*Tycho.* It was such fun, to see such pretty sport,  
And think how it could be so nicely spoiled.

*Kasper.* Spoiled it shall be, or I will lose my head.

*Tycho.* It were not much to lose, my worthy sir,  
'Tis nearly lost already : keep it on  
So long as it will wag to your convenience.

*Kasper.* Silence, buffoon ! or your's shall still go first.  
Bear in your memory every word and fact ;  
Treasure it up ; the very dress she wore,  
The hour of night ; and if before the board  
Of holy fathers you forget a line,  
Beware your fate. Beneath this hollow tomb  
Lie the remains of martyr'd Saint Jacobus.  
Lay down your hand upon the cross, and swear ;  
Follow my words, and swear as I do now.

END OF ACT I.



## A C T II.

SCENE I.—*An open place opposite the Cathedral in Antwerp.  
Bells are ringing, and persons making towards the Cathedral.  
In the foreground, Father BASIL and QUENTIN.*

*Basil.* Thou hast attained success but rarely seen ;  
Art conquers wealth, and even princely state.  
'Tis pleasing, too, my son, that thy true genius,  
Based on a frank and noble emulation,  
Does not infect thy soul with boasting pride.  
Yet thou must not retire so hastily ;  
For though I know that innate modesty  
Takes thee away from all this pomp and show,  
The world may misinterpret thy deserts,  
And say thy modesty was an assumption,  
A mystery, an insult to the powers  
That govern in the State.  
Thou, in thy youth, canst little know what man  
Can do to man without the spoken word  
Of anger or of blame. A cast of face,  
A shrug of shoulder, or a doubting laugh,  
Have hurried many a man to silent ruin.  
I pray thee then return, and do thy homage,  
As it becomes thee, to the royal Duke,  
The reverend Primate, and the worthy Senate !

*Quentin.* I am so little learned in courtly manners.

*Basil.* That which is natural is best in manner.  
Be thou in manner natural as in art,  
And men will say, "He has a courtier's genius,  
And bends his body as he curves his iron."

*Quentin.* It is your wish, and that is my decision.

You will present me, Father ; if I fail  
 In any point of form or ceremony,  
 You will explain that 'twas not my intention.

*Basil.* Thou need'st not fear ; but come, for time wears on,  
 And while we talk the dignities may rise.

*[They retire to the Cathedral.]*

*Enter TWO CITIZENS.*

*1st Citizen (hastening to the cathedral, to one leaving it.)*

Where are the presentations taking place ?

*2nd Citizen.* Within the northern aisle ; but 'tis so crowded  
 That I was glad to gain the outer air.

*1st Citizen.* I'll try an entrance.

*2nd Citizen.* It is not worth the trial. When I left,  
 Young Quentin, who was last to be presented,  
 Was moving towards the Duke. Hark ! now they chant ;  
 The scene is over ; keep your standing ground,  
 And you will have good view of the processions.  
 Here come the Holy Sisters of St. Mary ;  
 They chant their hymn ; what steady time they keep !

*1st Citizen.* They are well practised. Hush ! 'tis beautiful.

*[The nuns in passing sing.]*

“ Ave maris stella,  
 Dei mater alma,  
 Atque semper virgo,  
 Felix cœli porta.”

*2nd Citizen.* Now come the Holy Brethren of St. Austin.

*[The Augustine Monks pass singing.]*

“ Exultet orbis gaudiis,  
 Cœlum resultet laudibus,  
 Apostolorum gloriam  
 Tellus et astra concinant.”

*1st Citizen.* Whom have we here ? I have not seen them before.

*2nd Citizen.* They are the Flagellants, a mad, mad crew,  
 Who think to save the sins of all mankind,

And drive away all plagues from off the earth  
 By whipping their own shoulders till they bleed.  
 'Tis said that Father Basil and the Primate  
 Look on them with contempt, as mere impostors.

1st Citizen. Their singing is enough to give a plague.

[*Flagellants pass, scourging themselves and singing.*

“Non, sudore

Vel dolore,

Moriamur subito.

Sed vivamus

Et plaudamus

Coelis sine termino.”

2nd Citizen. They yell ! I call it yelling, and my teeth  
 Are all on edge ; but here the picture changes.  
 There is the Primate and the noble Duke.

1st Citizen. Let's cheer the Duke ?

Citizens (*all*). Long live the Duke !

1st Citizen. We must not leave the Duchess unremembered.  
 I like the Duchess better than the Duke.

2nd Citizen. Ha ! ha ! your taste is good ; well, be it so.

(*Calls.*) Long live the Duchess !

*All.* Long live the Duchess !

2nd Citizen (*aloud*). Long live the young Duke Philip !

*All.* Long live the young Duke Philip !

1st Citizen. He seems well pleased ; and yet 'tis said a clamour  
 Is made against him, which might soon break out  
 Into rebellion, were it not that all,  
 From high to low, so love the gentle Mary.

2nd Citizen. I have heard the same ; the citizens of Ghent  
 Have spoken out indeed without disguise.  
 But here, in Antwerp, we can have no cause  
 To raise our voices ; here he keeps the law,  
 And makes no trespass on our liberties.

1st Citizen. He has a personal esteem for Antwerp.

*2nd Citizen.* True ; but we must not lose the sight before us.  
There is the Senate, Antwerp's first estate.

[*Senate passes.*

And here the Ancients, venerable men !  
Office sits lightly on their shoulders now.

*1st Citizen.* Still they are called the second grand estate ;  
And in the troublous times their words of counsel  
Bear all before them ; they are upright men !

[*The Ancients pass.*

The third estate, the Masters of the Wards.  
They keep our armed militia in good train.

[*The Ward Masters pass.*

The fourth estate, the Deans of all the Guilds.

[*The Deans of Guilds pass.*

See, there is old Hans Brinkt, Dean of the Smiths,  
The worthiest old fellow in the land !

Mark what a face he has of jocund mirth ;  
It does one good to see him.

(*Calls loudly.*) Long life to thee, old blacksmith citizen !

Long life to thee, and to thy wife and daughter !

*All.* Long life to good Hans Brinkt, and happiness !

*Hans.* Friends all, I thank you, honestly I thank you.

*1st Citizen.* Damn it, the old man cries, he is so o'ercome ;  
It makes my own heart beat within my throat.

*2nd Citizen.* 'Tis curious that our joy should act like sorrow,  
But so it doth. See who is coming next ?

Yon lanky citizen shuts out my sight.

What are they moving for so desperately ?

*1st Citizen.* 'Tis Father Basil and his protégé,  
Young Quentin Matsys, coming hand in hand.

*2nd Citizen.* Let's cheer him well, the youth deserves all praise ;  
Heigho ! who pinches me ? confound the imp !

'Tis that young Hunchback ; mind yourself, young man !

*Tycho.* I want you to support me while I look.

1st Citizen. We had better hoist him, or his Mother Hurlane May stop our herds from bearing, out of spite.

[*They lift him up.*]

Tycho. She'd very soon do that if she desired.

2nd Citizen. And get herself brought to a speedy trial?

Tycho. And what of that? They tried to burn her once, And couldn't do it; hiss, hiss, hiss, hiss, hiss!

[*Loud cheers for Quentin from the people, who shake hands with him warmly.*]

Tycho. There's Kasper by his side, he shakes his hand! No, no! he doesn't; 'tis unfriendly, Kasper!

Why, what a fool he is! hiss, hiss, hiss, hiss!

Quentin. Speak to them, Father, for my heart is full, And closes up my mouth from utterance.

Basil. My son returns you thanks, good citizens, He is young in speech, but old in his affections; These are the first fruits of a noble nature. His goodness is not centred in his skill, Great as that is, but in his character; He carries out the substance of our faith, First loves he God, and afterwards his neighbour; We all may take a lesson from his book.

[*BASIL & QUENTIN pass on, the crowd closing up.*]

Tycho. Hiss, hiss, hiss, hiss! Let me get down, I have some business. Don't I hope you're tired! You thought I was no weight! ha, ha! hiss, hiss.

1st Citizen. That youth will come to grief.

2nd Citizen. It is his nature. Have you not observed That in the mass these hunchbacks all are demons?

1st Citizen. 'Tis rather their misfortune than intention; For nature casts them in such curious moulds, That though 'tis certain they have heads like ours, They have no backs to bear them, and no hearts To minister withal; I pity them.



*2nd Citizen.* They are not all so bad as this same Tycho,  
Who truly does no credit to our city.

*1st Citizen.* I hardly call him citizen of Antwerp.  
His father came from Denmark, married here  
And settled into trade ; but in his wife  
Found such a demon that he sank to ruin.  
One morning he was missing, and from then  
Even to now has never more been seen.  
His wife was seized for having murdered him,  
But gained a verdict straight, because the law  
Takes no effect until, dead or alive,  
The missing man is found ; since then she has lived  
Detested, and detesting every one,  
Except this boy, on whom she madly doats,  
As though he were Apollo in his beauty,  
And representative of every virtue  
That should adorn a deity so matchless.

*2nd Citizen.* I never heard so much of him before ;  
But we must end our gossip and make speed,  
If we would see the banquetting and sports.  
To get a seat where nothing can be seen,  
Where one must stand on tiptoe, gaping o'er  
Another person's head, with constant bawling  
From those behind, "keep down," "stand fair," "make room,"  
And many harder epithets than these,  
Don't suit my humour ; I would rather leave.  
'Tis making merriment a sorry penance.

*1st Citizen.* True, true ; but we shall yet be in good time.

[*Exeunt.*

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SCENE II—*A Terrace in Antwerp, KASPER reclining on a seat, reading.*

*Kasper.* They to their banquet passed, and I to mine;  
Did ever man behold such mockery?  
How well the craven wretch concealed his cunning,  
And took the mean ovation as a right!  
Poor fool, he little wists whither he travels.  
I would have sent him straight away to heaven,  
If heaven would have him, had my hand been firm,  
And that infernal priest been less attentive.  
'Tis well there are more priests than one in Antwerp.

*Enter GERTRUDE, her Mother, and Friends.*

*Gertrude.* Sweet cousin Kasper, handsome cousin Kasper,  
What holds you here when all the rest are gone?  
I thought you were invited to the banquet.

*Kasper.* I was invited, mistress critical.

*Gertrude.* Then it were well you had gone; but Kasper, Kasper,  
Your manners are becoming somewhat rude;  
Why, when you kneel'd before the Duke, folks said  
You went down like a dancing bear at show;  
Even Tycho, with his hump, would have done better;  
You must be drilled before you go again.

*Kasper.* If you were not a woman I should smite you.

*Gertrude.* And, if you dar'd, you'd smite me as a woman.

*Mistress Brinkt.* Peace, children, peace, your fun will press to  
quarrel.

*Kasper.* It has already passed to that account.

*Gertrude.* No, not on my side. Kasper, pray forgive  
My foolish jestings and comparisons;  
I do go foolish sometimes, Quentin says so,  
And chides me for the fun I make of you.  
Now I declare that nasty Hunchback comes,  
Casting his goggle eyes on me, like spiders;

He makes me creep to look at him, he does.

Why don't you send him on an errand, cousin ?

*Kasper.* It is my will to send him on an errand,  
When he has done feasting his gaze on you.

*Gertrude.* Which means, when I am gone ; for he, the image,  
Would stand all day and goggle if I stayed.

I'll disappoint him. Come along, good mother ;

Kasper shall change his cousin for his brother.

*Mistress Brinkt.* We'll meet you, Kasper, at our home  
to-night,

Who gives up first the reel shall lose the fight.

We hasten now to see the country sports,

Before the Duke. I hear the music playing,

The banquet then is over. Come, girls, come.

Wilt not accompany your cousin, nephew ?

*Kasper.* I have some business on my hands this moment ;

I may be there before the scene breaks up.

[*Exeunt all except KASPER.*]

*Enter TYCHO.*

Well ! have you carried out your mission fully ?

Speak, mule, and cease your silly simpering

After my cousin ; think you that she loves you,

Aside of Quentin Matsys, hero blacksmith ?

He has no hump, at all events, like yours ;

And you must work to hide the hump, my friend.

Women are sensitive in such regards.

*Tycho.* There is no need to spur me on to action,

Nor tell me of my slight deformity.

My part is done, and so were your's, if courage

Had been a hump in you.

*Kasper.* That shall be settled when we cast accounts,

Now we must place our numbers ; let us go.

*Tycho.* If you had only squeezed his hand, 'twere done.

The ring was poisoned richly : 'twould have sent

A hundred blacksmiths to the devil's forge.

*Kasper.* It seemed to me unwise to go so far,  
When all can be so much more safely carried.

*Tycho.* Tell me no lie ; I saw you watch the chance,  
And turn as pale as death when that it offer'd,  
And draw away your hand as if 'twere bitten.  
Don't lie to me : confess yourself a coward.

*Kasper.* We'll settle this, my hunchback, in our reckoning.  
Take back the ring to your dear doting dam.  
Don't squeeze her hand, to play your trick on her !

*Tycho.* Nay, if you dare to rave about my mother,  
I'll squeeze your hand, my master ; squeeze it hard.

*Kasper.* Enough ! we need not quarrel ; our intents  
Are fixed as one, and absolute as fate.  
For the kind loan supplied me by your mother,  
Take her this interest in good Antwerp coin.  
Now speed we on our different duties. I,  
To watch the present acts ; you to prepare  
For distant service ; when I summon you,  
Be ready to the moment, bag and baggage.  
Money you shall not want, nor company.

*Tycho.* I shall be ready : ready, aye ! and willing.

*Kasper.* Good ; to see these dancing fools I now must go.  
It will not do to keep too much aloof. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A place of Assembly in Antwerp. The DUKE  
and Father BASIL : Citizens of Antwerp ; musicians and  
dancers.*

*Duke (to Father Basil).* It delights me greatly :  
A happier day I never spent in Antwerp,  
Nor felt more freed from toils of government.  
Father, it is in merry scenes like these,  
The ruler envies most the happy ruled.  
What new occasion do they take to please us ?  
They are preparing for some further mirth.

*Attendant.* My Lord, a song will now be sung in chorus.

*Duke.* We are attentive, it will please us well.

[*The Chorus sings.*

Sing, sing,  
While the bells do ring,  
And the maidens rest their feet.  
For well it must be,  
For a people free,  
When the king and the people meet.

And well it must be,  
When a people free,  
Never hear the warrior's blast ;  
When with peace in the shade,  
And peace in the glade,  
'Tis time only flies too fast.

Sing, sing, &c.

And well it must be,  
For a people free,  
When art finds her sons in their lands ;  
When commerce is great,  
And each in his state,  
Is king over all he commands.

Sing, sing, &c.

And He in the skies  
Bends His glorious eyes,  
Which mortals may never behold,  
To love and to bear,  
In His fatherly care,  
Till He gathers them into His fold.

Sing, sing, &c.

*Duke.* It is a charming song : the melody  
Falls on the ear so lightly ; while the words,



Simple enough, and ringing very sweetly,  
 Express a truth, which the philosophers  
 In pond'rous tomes, labored at great expense,  
 Have told to us before ; but with such jargon,  
 And intertwined with such a string of words,  
 'Twere a life's labor to distil it out.  
 Our songsters put philosophy to shame.  
 Now if the maidens' fairy feet have rested,  
 We'll see one other dance, ere we retire.

[*Preparations for dancing.*

THE DANCE.

*Duke.* Well done ! well done ! when that my royal wife,  
 And partner of my cares, to health has come,  
 We will invite you, as our welcome guests,  
 To dance that dance again.

*Attendant.* My lord, your chariot waits.

*Duke (rising).* Good friends and citizens, 'tis many a day  
 Since greater happiness was deign'd to me  
 Than has been deign'd to me this day, through you.  
 But pleasures all must end ; and now the sun,  
 Driven by Phœbus with such dexterous hand,  
 Is wheeling to the confines of the earth,  
 I wish you all good-night, and happy sleep.

[*They strew a path of flowers before the Duke, chorus singing*

Good-night, good-night,

Strew flowers in his way,

Who ruleth in right,

By right we obey.

All happiness meet him,

To life's longest day,

We always will greet him,

Strew flowers in his way.

Good-night, good-night, &c.

[*Scene closes.*

SCENE IV.—*The Garden of Heer MANDYNN ; present LISA.*

*Enter BERGAMOT.*

*Lisa.* Well faithful Bergie, here, I wait for you.

*Bergamot.* And here I come, only too glad to serve you.  
 What shall I do ? bud roses ? water flower-beds ?  
 Or train up jessamines ? or sweep the walks ?  
 Or mow the grass ? Don't the bells ring in fun ?  
 It makes me fifty times a man to hear them.  
 Oh, Mistress Lisa ! when you go to church  
 We will ring out a peal ! there's not a tower  
 In Antwerp that shall not ring out its best  
 In rivalry and merry frolicking.

*Lisa.* Now, wicked Bergie, hold your childish tongue.  
 Ere yet a year shall pass away from us,  
 I may be cloister'd in St. Mary's walls,  
 Or lying quiet, nestled in mother earth.

*Bergamot.* Oh ! pray thee, Mistress Lisa, talk in earnest,  
 You've made me graft a rosebud on a myrtle.

*Lisa.* You stupid Bergie, when will you grow wise ?

*Bergamot.* Perhaps when you take the veil ; because if sadness  
 Should be essential to my wisdom, then  
 I might approach the writer of the proverbs.

*Lisa.* We will not contemplate the worst this moment,  
 But take it when it comes. First I would know,  
 How went the ceremony off to-day ?

*Bergamot.* It nearly turned my head, it was so grand.  
 There were the Duke, the Bishop, and the Senate.  
 They did the mass, the Bishop in his mitre,  
 And Father Basil and the other Priests.  
 Then in procession walked they to the aisle ;  
 And when the dignities and priests were seated,  
 A curtain was drawn upwards, and discovered  
 The famous gate ; on which the choir burst forth.

*Lisa.* Yes, yes ; but was that all ? [them.

*Bergamot.* No ; then the bells rang out : you might have heard

*Lisa.* I did, I did ; what then ? What then ? What then ?

*Bergamot.* Why, then the presentations, they began.

*Lisa.* Yes, yes ! Who were presented ? In what order ?

*Bergamot.* First, all the chiefs of the Estates were brought  
Before the presenco ; and then some persons,  
I did not know and could not hear their names ;  
Next Master Brinkt, the smith, to whom the Duke  
Spoke in such terms that the poor fellow sobbed ;  
Next Master Kasper Brinkt crept coldly up,  
God knows for why, I don't, and like a cur,  
Scowling and sneaking, dropt upon his knees  
With such bad grace as made the people laugh ;  
If I had not been by, my cousin Metsy  
Had thrown a dusty hassock at his head.  
To think, she argued, that the family  
Should be disgraced by such a blundering calf !  
And then there rose a universal cry  
For gentle Quentin, and he was not there.

*Lisa.* Then Quentin was not brought before the Duke ?

*Bergamot.* Oh yes ! he was, for while the people called,  
Good Father Basil entered leading Quentin,  
And to the Duke they passed, and knelt together.  
Oh, 'twas a sight ! I thought my breath would stop.  
The Duke took Quentin's hand and raised him up,  
And called him brother. "Brother," said he, "the One  
Who gives me kingdom for inheritance,  
Gives you another kingdom, all your own.  
Antwerp is proud of you, nor yet the less  
To know that you are good as well as wise."

*Lisa.* Oh noble Duke ! But was that all ? that all ?

*Bergamot.* You will not give me time, or I would tell you :  
You might be smit in love with Quentin Matsys.

*Lisa.* I merely want to hear the story out.

*Bergamot.* I must have time to tell the story out.

Now really, I forget where I left off.

*Lisa.* Where the Grand Duke had spoken to the artist.

*Bergamot.* Your father says that he is not an artist.

*Lisa.* My father has his fancies ; pray proceed,  
My curiosity is all awakened.

*Bergamot.* It is most natural that it should be so.  
When he had passed the Duke, he to the Bishop  
Was led by Father Basil. 'Fore the Bishop  
They knelt ; and as they knelt the holy man  
Rose from his throne, and in the full assembly,  
Laid both his hands on Quentin's bowing head,  
And crowned him with a solemn benediction.

*Lisa.* It was a noble act, most nobly done,  
I'll spend five years upon a golden stole,  
For presentation to that holy man.

*Bergamot.* Nay, if you go off so, I'll hold the rest.  
Give me the water-pot ; you'll spoil your shoes.  
Such flowers as you can grow without Aquarius.

*Lisa.* Hold nothing back. What happened afterwards ?

*Bergamot.* All the processions left, as they had entered,  
The people cheered the Duke and old Hans Brinkt,  
But Quentin, him they almost worshipped ;  
It was with difficulty I came near him.  
Now, Mistress Lisa, tell me how knew he  
You were my mistress, and that we should meet  
To-night at gardening time ?

*Lisa.* But did he know ?

*Bergamot.* He must have known, indeed he must ; for when  
I took his hand he turned his eyes on me,  
And, squeezing hard my hand, left something in it,  
And whispered, "In the garden give it up."

*Lisa.* What is it, Bergamot ? What is it ? Speak !

*Bergamot.* I stand between two fires, beauty and duty.  
 Says beauty, give the scroll to Mistress Lisa ;  
 Says duty, place it first before her father.  
 I will not be responsible so far ;  
 I'll throw the burthen upon Providence ;  
 Let Providence decide this serious question. [Draws lots.  
 Kind Providence, thou hast a charming taste ;  
 Beauty has drawn the prize ; let beauty have it.

[Gives a note.

*Lisa.* 'Tis in his own glad vein ; and now the postscript ?

[Reads.

“I would fain know this Bergamot ; more he might aid me in the new work.”

*Lisa.* True, true, true !

Bergie will do for me a special service ?

*Bergamot.* I'll bud as many roses as you like.

*Lisa.* It is not time for jesting ; while we talk

My father may return ; will you be true ?

*Bergamot.* Aye, true as steel, though may be not so bright.

*Lisa.* May I entrust you with a solemn secret ?

*Bergamot.* You cannot keep a secret from a devil.

*Lisa.* Why then you read my secret, is it so ?

*Bergamot.* Why, perhaps I do ; I do if love is in it.

*Lisa.* It is of love, and you know what it is.

Now hear me. My poor father has insisted

That I shall marry no one but a painter.

*Bergamot.* And Quëntin Matsys wants to be a painter ?

*Lisa.* True, and he thinks that you can give him aid.

*Bergamot.* I can play devil to him with a vengeance.

If he can paint that which your father loves.

*Lisa.* But will you go to him, and so, from me,

Explain the subject that would please the most,

And mix his colours, and give him designs,

And make us both your debtors all through life ?



*Bergamot.* 'Tis a good thought. I'll go this very night ;  
 When all is quiet I'll give him every sight  
 Of devil characters ; I'll mix his paint,  
 And trim his pencils to the finest touch.  
 Whate'er he ask, he cannot ask too much.

*Lisa.* Farewell ! Report me progress every day.  
 Here comes my father. I must seek my chamber.

*Mandynn (from within).* Bergamot ! Bergamot ! Prince of  
 devils, come forth !

*Bergamot.* The prince of devils goeth to his work,  
 As much unlike a devil as a saint,  
 A mixture, perhaps, of both, a little mad.  
 He'll call again in fury if I stay.  
 I come, old gentleman ; some day perchance  
 You may not want your devil quite so soon.

END OF ACT II.

## A C T III.

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SCENE I.—*An open Place in Antwerp ; Citizens reading a proclamation.*

*Enter KASPER & Heer MANDYNN.*

*Kasper.* . Nay, if you will not credit me my words,  
Read for yourself ; there is the proclamation.  
Through the whole day the citizens peruse it  
In wondering tumult ; for among the citizens  
The youth was popular.

*Mandynn.* Ah ! popular forsooth ! what mountebank  
Who makes a grin, or turns a summersault,  
Is there, who is not honored by the mob ?  
But, let a prince of artists paint a picture  
Sublime as the infernal cave itself,  
And the mob howls, hisses, and persecutes.  
Mark ! one there even weeps to read the scroll ;  
I'll read it now myself, perhaps I may laugh ;  
So different constitutions show their shades.

*(Reads.)* “Has left Antwerp in the night, supposed from  
danger of arrest for a foul offence against the state and religion,  
QUENTIN MATSYS, Blacksmith.” Good ! “He was last seen as  
if in converse with the evil one, at midnight, on Thursday of  
the festival of St. Agnes.” Good ! “Whosoever knoweth of his  
hiding place, and will publicly proclaim the same by the mouth  
of the common crier, to the effect of the seizure of the said  
QUENTIN MATSYS, shall receive a reward of two hundred florins.”  
Good, Good !

Kasper, the proclamation readeth well.  
And, though I wish the man no grievous harm,

Yet, let me tell thee, I am glad to read it,  
 I am right glad to read it, gentle Kasper.  
 I hope they may not catch him, gentle Kasper.  
 In other towns than Antwerp let him stay,  
 But Antwerp can do well enough without him :  
 Without him, Kasper, mind my words, without him !

*Kasper.* He was ingenious in moulding iron ;  
 But then, 'twas wild ambition, nay, delusion,  
 To assume to call the twisting of a nail  
 An artist's work. Why, once I heard him say  
 That could you daub on canvas his designs—

*Mandynn.* His designs, his designs, say you not so ?  
 Daub, daub, daub, say you not daub ?

*Kasper.* His designs ;  
 That could you daub on canvas his designs,  
 The very words I say were those he used,  
 And paint them up, in red, and blue, and ochre,—

*Mandynn.* In red, and blue, and ochre ?

*Kasper.* In red, and blue, and ochre, with your thumb,  
 Or with a dirty broomstick, or a broom,—

*Mandynn.* My thumb, a broomstick, a broom ?

*Kasper.* Or anything that should come first to hand ;  
 A knob of wool, or sailor's tarring brush,—

*Mandynn.* A knob of wool, or sailor's tarring brush !  
 And every pencil that I buy for work  
 Costs me a florin, all a silver florin.

*Kasper.* I say his very speech.  
 That could you paint on canvas his designs,  
 In red, and blue, and ochre, with your thumb,  
 Or with a dirty broomstick, or a broom,  
 Or anything that should come first to hand,  
 A knob of wool, or sailor's tarring brush :  
 You would be so delirious with the effort,  
 So proud of it, so madly passionate,

That your skill'd leech would have to draw your blood,  
Shave close your crown, and give you hellebore.

*Mandynn.* Tell me no more, it is enough! enough!  
Say rather now, what did you then yourself?

Heard you his words unmoved?

*Kasper.* Surely not.

But taking down my uncle's aspen rod,  
My blood all boiling, and my temper hot  
Beyond control, I gave the babbling fool  
Such chastisement, that for an hour or more  
He howled as would a dog; then slunk away  
And hid himself; then crav'd a thousand pardons;  
And as he turned his castigated back  
Within his garments to obtain relief,  
He begged me never mention the event,  
For that, despising you, he lov'd your daughter.

*Mandynn.* Now, all the devils I have ever painted  
Pursue the vagrant, even to the death.

Kasper, brave Kasper, you have served me more,  
Than did the very mother from whose breast  
My infant lips received the food of life.

*Kasper.* 'Twas but my duty to your genius, sir,  
My love for you, and her who still is yours.

*Mandynn.* Not mine much longer, Kasper; yours, my son.  
Nay, for your sake I'll break a solemn vow.  
She shall be yours, whoever claims her hand.  
Come with me home, this night shall seal the bond.

*Enter CHRISTINE.*

*Christine.* Oh! master, master, whither have you been  
From noon till now, I've sought you everywhere.  
Oh, woe! Oh, woe! on this unhappy day.

*Mandynn.* What ails the woman? Is my agent bankrupt?  
Or is my house in flames? or have my devils

Risen from their canvas and escaped in air?

*Christine.* Worse, even worse than all! My mistress, sir—

*Mandynn.* Is dead?

*Christine.* Not dead but fled. Scarce had you left the house,

When clothed in plainest garments she possessed,  
She came to me, and with a saddened look,  
Yet calm and self possessed, she gave me this:  
And adding "Take it to my dearest father,  
Comfort him with your kindness, cheer him well;"  
She threw her arms around my neck in grief,  
Kissed me, and said farewell.

Astounded by a scene so wonderful,"  
Ere I recovered, she was gone for good;  
Whither I know not: perhaps the note explains.

*Mandynn.* But Bergamot! why sent you not for Bergamot?

*Christine.* I went myself at once straight to his house,  
And found it silent, closely locked and barred.  
Not all to-day has he appeared to me.

But perhaps the note may yet explain the whole.

*Kasper.* Nay, rave not, worthy painter, read the note.

*Mandynn.* I dare not break the seal; stay! courage! courage!  
'Tis broken! 'Tis her writing, 'tis her language,  
A daughter's language to an only parent.

(*Reads.*) "Forgive me, father! forgive! Love which knows no master has stolen me. By foul plot he for whom my soul lives is removed from Antwerp; I seek him, scarcely knowing whither, but with full faith in the enterprize. If better days come, and bring me my betrothed, and you an artist; then at your feet Quentin and I will crave your blessing. If bad days bring us to the end, our dying lips shall beg and receive forgiveness from heaven—Your LISA."

*Mandynn.* Now all the plagues of Egypt light on me,  
And strike me down. O God! what have I done,



That all thy ire should wait on me at once ?  
 Art Thou offended that I paint the fiend ?  
 My daughter fled ! and fled on such a mission !  
 To seek a harlot's son, and act his mother !  
 Fie ! fie ! to seek a man of such a cast,  
 Who hates her father, and first, breaking law,  
 Flies from its terrors for his craven life.  
 My mind is not prepared to bear this stroke.

*Kasper.* Nay sir, be calm, be calm : tho' never now  
 Can I claim kindred as a loving son,  
 Yet in the deeds of sonship I may aid you.  
 Ere yet the sun has set, the officers  
 Who keep the peace in Antwerp shall be summoned :  
 And such pursuit be made as may arrest  
 Your wandering lamb, and bring her back to you.  
 (*Aside.*) Oh, damned sprite ! that stands at every point,  
 To cross me in my path. Who would have dreamed  
 Of such an interlude in such a play ?  
 She will not find him : no, no, no, she will not.  
 And when the fever of her love is past,  
 She will return, repentant prodigal.  
 Return ! Ah ! then what triumph ! when her pride,  
 Conquer'd by hopeless passion, is worn out  
 And brought to ashes ; while her shame uprising  
 And burying every thought beneath its weight,  
 Shall bend her like a reed upon the stream ;  
 Ah ! then, my pliant, then my suppliant maiden !  
 Who'll dare again to play the runaway ?

*Christine.* Poor master ! I am sure his mind is gone.  
 Speak, master, speak !

*Mandynn.* Give me support, and lead me to my home.  
 Bergamot ! Bergamot ! Prince of devils, come forth !  
 No force, no force ! I am sensible of all.  
 My daughter's gone ! gone, gone, gone !

I'll paint a devil sixty cubits high,  
 And put him on a horse without a tail,  
 But with his head turned round towards the tail;  
 A white horse, that the colors may stand out,  
 And make the devil look more hideously.  
 My thoughts are all advancing to the front.  
 Nay, if you hold me, I will strike you down.  
 Let us sing a song, sing a song, sing a song;  
 A song of sorrow, and a song of woe.  
 Stop! let me gather up these fading senses;  
 I were not mad, if I had Bergamot.  
 Now haste you, woman, on to Master Brinkt's.  
 Seek Metsy there; his trusty serving woman,  
 She is the cousin of my Bergamot:  
 Find where he is, and bring him to me straight.

[*Exit* CHRISTINE.]

Kasper, I trust myself to your protection.  
 I am collected, and prepared to suffer.

*Kasper.* So do great souls bear their infirmities.  
 Immortal painter, I am at your service;  
 Command me to the death, and I will die.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*A Room in the house of Hans BRINKT; present*  
 HANS, Mistress BRINKT, and GERTRUDE.

*Hans.* Why, now you weep, as though your women's tears  
 Could solve this mystery and restore the lost.  
 Don't weep—don't weep, I pray; for weeping flies  
 As by contagion, and unnerves the strongest  
 When that the strong has heart as well as will.  
 Oh, Quentin Matsys! had I been enforced

To swear upon my father's hollow tomb  
 To thy good faith and word, I would have done it.  
 'Tis hard to lose thee, man; but the suspicion,  
 That thou, whom I first lifted from the cradle,  
 Whose father, honest man, died in my service,  
 Whose talents are the wonder of the land,  
 That thou should'st be suspected of a crime,  
 The forfeiture of which is death itself—  
 I think on't, and the thought bewilders me.  
 From henceforth in this life, what faith—what trust  
 Can man bestow on man?

*Mistress Brinkt.* But are you sure that Quentin is a traitor?  
 Suspicion is not proof, 'fore God nor man.

*Hans.* 'Tis publicly proclaimed in open places;  
 I read it for myself within this hour.

*Gertrude.* Father, I am a young and foolish girl,  
 Yet woman's wit is early in its growth,  
 And in perception, if not in design,  
 Is quicker than in men; and my wit tells me  
 The traitor is not your old helpmate, Quentin,  
 But one much nearer to our flesh and blood;  
 That treason is not made against the state,  
 But against Quentin—trusting, gentle Quentin.  
 Last night, I dreamed a dream; while half awake,  
 Voices I knew, I heard, and stealthy steps:  
 Whisperings of seizure, and designs of death.  
 I 'woke and still heard movements, then a quiet  
 So dead, that I reclined to sleep again.  
 Now know I it was not a dream, but fact:  
 And in this very house, I vow, the plot  
 That banished Quentin Matsys was engendered.  
 He has not fled, but, dead or borne away,  
 He lies in durance of the silent grave—  
 The prison or the grave, I wot not which.

*Enter KASPER.*

*Kasper.* So Gertrude, cousin, you are prophesying;  
Are prophesying, are you, sagely wise  
And aged matron? You are truly cunning.  
Who do you think now would such trouble take  
As seize a blacksmith's workman without cause?  
Since Quentin, in your eyes, ne'er did a thing  
'Gainst which a worm would turn; how then, my cousin?  
My most sagacious and most clever cousin,  
Could any one do harm to gentle Quentin  
If gentle Quentin did not harm himself?

*Hans.* Kasper, 'tis not a time for scoff and jest,  
I want the truth, and the whole truth I'll have.  
Now look me in the face—straight in the face,  
And tell me what know you of Quentin Matsys?

*Kasper.* Uncle, I have no knowledge, but suspicion  
Derived from circumstances all suspicious,  
Creeps over me. When I last saw this Quentin  
'Twas late at night, within the pent-house yonder.  
There he and Ludwig, and the hunchback Tycho,  
Sat whispering softly: when my feet they heard  
They drew far back, until I turned the bolt  
Within the house: then, moving stealthily,  
And thinking they had not been seen nor heard,  
They crept away.

Determined not to lose a sight of them,  
I hastened to my room, and through the casement  
That overhangs the street, I saw them glide.  
Their feet were muffled, and their figures changed,  
They carried with them weapons, for the steel  
Protruding from one cloak, even in the night,  
Shone forth, reflecting light as from a star.

*Gertrude.* It is a falsehood—a most shallow falsehood;  
A salt-spoon beaten flat were oceans deeper.

*Hans.* I bid you silence, wench. Nephew, proceed.  
But tell me first, why, for so many hours,  
You have concealed this statement?

*Kasper.* I knew you had a special fond regard  
For one of them, and wished not to be first  
To break upon your happy trusting humour  
With news so sad : and more, what I then saw  
Might, after all I felt, mean nothing further  
Than some mere youthful freak—some joke which I  
Might have enjoyed myself, for aught I knew.

*Hans.* Well, well! Proceed! What saw you afterwards?

*Kasper.* I saw no more myself; but rumour says,  
That after twelve at night they were detected  
Within the house of one called Bergamot,  
Feasting and hosting with the Evil One :  
Thence Quentin and his comrades all were followed,  
By officers deputed by the church,  
Into the vaults beneath the old cathedral,  
And there were seen to do a deed of hell,  
The character of which I dare not name.  
Thence they, the Evil One still walking with them,  
The hunchback riding on the Devil's shoulder,  
Passed out of Antwerp by the southern gate,  
Which opened of itself to give them exit,  
And would not close again, though twenty men  
Bore up against it, 'till a mass was said,  
And a good priest, known as the friar Alexis,  
Did exorcise the fiend.

*Hans.* It is a rumour full of deadly meaning.

*Gertrude.* It is a falsehood full of deadly meaning.

*Hans.* Gertrude, I bid you once again be silent.  
'Tis strange, 'tis strange; for Ludwig and the hunchback  
Have not as yet returned; for the light task  
I bade them yester-night to do to-day,



Though out of Antwerp, might have been well done  
 Before the second meal. Has any one  
 Seen either youth within the shop to-day?

*Kasper.* Not I; but then 'tis true I've been abroad.

*Mrs. Brinkt.* Nor I; and I have been all day at home,  
 And many times have passed into the office  
 To answer questions; for the very reason  
 That no one else was there to mind the business.

*Gertrude.* I have not seen them; and that squinting hunchback  
 I am sure I do not want to see again.

If, that the devil had him on his shoulders,  
 I hope he'll grow there, and deform the devil.

*Hans.* Your wishes are no answer to my question.  
 But, tell me, Kasper, who is Bergamot,  
 Of whom you spoke?

*Kasper.* Nay, that again is more than I can tell you.  
 He is a strange mysterious foreigner,  
 Who lost a child not long since, by the plague.  
 Young Quentin cut a tablet for the brat.

*Hans.* True, I remember something of the matter.  
 Well, where is Bergamot? His evidence  
 Might throw some light upon this mystery.

*Kasper.* He is gone too; his house, which yesterday  
 Was occupied by him, his wife, and children,  
 Was found at noon to-day locked and untenanted.  
*(Aside.)* Now, having said enough to set them all  
 In sweet bewilderment, 'twere safest course  
 To leave them to their thoughts: my innocence  
 Has stood upon my face so steadily  
 Throughout this trial, that my face might tire,  
 And tell the lynx-eyed Gertrude a new tale.  
*(To Hans.)* Command me, uncle, if ought should occur  
 That might require my feeble services.  
 This hour I have some work upon the easel,

For an occasion I will tell you of  
 When that the time is ripe for the display.  
 Good bye, my cousin : when the hunchback comes  
 Your temper may assume a milder tone.

[*Exit.*

*Gertrude.* Father ! you are not satisfied with this,  
 This cunning story and pretending style ?  
 A thought has seized me : wait, I pray you, wait  
 Till I return. I will not be a minute.

*Exit*

*Hans.* I am lost in fear, and know not what to think.  
 Where is the hunchback Tycho ? where is Ludwig ?  
 Where is this Bergamot ? Wife, tap the floor,  
 I'll have that gossip, Metsy, up before us ;  
 She knows all Antwerp better than the crier.  
 Her random tongue may drop some trifling hint,  
 To give a clue at least.  
 Wife, what think you ? I've known you many years,  
 And heard you eloquent on various topics,  
 And often have been guided by your counsel ;  
 Give me your mind, for you are always calm ;  
 I wish I had your temperament, my girl.

*Mistress Brinkt.* I have but little mind to give to you,  
 But it besets me, that our Gertrude's fears  
 Are not without their weight ; still I would hear  
 Some further evidence before I judged  
 A single person ; time must soon bring facts.  
 We know the law in Antwerp is most just,  
 And that our highest officer of justice,  
 Even the Margrave, cannot make arrest  
 Without the warrant of the Burgomaster,  
 Nor even order an arrest without him.  
 Now we do know the Burgomaster well ;  
 He will explain on what authority  
 This proclamation of arrest is offered,

Better than Kasper, who is but the mouthpiece  
Of falsehood, or of some mere silly rumour.

*Hans.* Good! good! old woman, spoken like a judge.  
You've hit the nail and sent it home; I'll clench it.

*Enter METSY.*

What are you weeping for? what is't to you,  
A blacksmith should be missing from his work?

*Metsy.* Oh, master, master! he was all to me,  
Brother and sister, both. How shall I now  
Send letters to my poor old father, or  
Hear every night at supper time, the lives  
Of all good men of every town and race?

*Hans.* Stop, stop! you will unfit me for my task;  
We want no sermon, but a catechism.  
Do you know ought of one called Bergamot?

*Metsy.* I know him well; he is my cousin Karel;  
He's devil-model to old painter Mandynn;  
His name of Bergamot is all a joke,  
One of old Mandynn's whims: I could repeat  
His history from his birth.

*Hans.* I care no jot to hear about his birth;  
Where is he at this moment? answer that.  
No shuffling, woman; tell me all you know,  
Or from this house you go this very hour.

*Metsy.* Go! master, go! I leave you, master, leave you!  
I who have served you more than twenty years,  
And brought you baby Gertrude, ere I drest her.  
I go away without an hour of notice,  
With no place near to call my home? Mistress,  
You will not send me off, you will not, will you?

*Mistress Brinkt.* 'Twould break my heart; but if you know a  
word

In answer to the question Hans has put,  
I hold with him that you must answer it.

*Hans.* Tell me the truth, and then you shall not go.  
My temper may be warm, but I am just.  
Trust me and I am truthful; play me false,  
And nothing shall restrain me in my wrongs.  
Tell me at once, for I perceive you can,  
Where is this Bergamot?

*Metsy.* I promised I would tell no living soul.  
But promise me, and I will break my promise.

*Hans.* I promise nothing; for by such a tie  
I put an obstacle before the law.  
But I will see you guarded from all wrong.

*Metsy.* Master, I trust you; you shall hear the truth.

*Hans.* Quick, quick, quick!

*Mrs. Brinkt.* Nay, Hans my dear, be calm; I'm sure she means  
To speak the truth in openness of heart.

*Metsy.* I do; and it is this. Karel, or Bergamot,  
Believes, as I do too, from Quentin's absence,  
That evil has befallen him, or that he  
Is victim of some dark conspiracy.  
Now, Lisa Mandynn is betrothed to Quentin,  
And she, with Bergamot and little Gretchen,  
Who sings so well and is the eldest girl  
Of all the family, have left this morning,  
And by this time are many leagues away,  
In search for Quentin: but the road they've taken  
I know no more than you.

*Hans.* But has not this said Bergamot a wife?

*Metsy.* He has, and other children than his Gretchen.  
They have left too, and sought a place of safety  
Where they may not be troubled by enquirers.  
I know not more than you, where they are gone.

*Mistress Brinkt.* I follow every word, and feel 'tis true.

*Hans.* But what know you of Ludwig and of Tycho ?

*Metsy.* Nothing, I honestly declare me, nothing ;  
Except that they are not with Bergamot.

*Enter GERTRUDE (with Proclamation).*

*Gertrude.* It is a lie, I said it was a lie.  
There is a copy of the proclamation.  
I tore it down before a hundred persons ;  
And there it is, a loud proclaiming lie.

*Hans.* My child, my child, know you what you have done ?  
The law can seize you for this grave offence.

*Gertrude.* No law can touch me: have I not explained,  
That 'tis a false and silly piece of writing?  
I tear it into shreds, and cast it forth  
To all the winds of heaven ! It is not signed ;  
Nor Margrave's signature, nor Burgomaster's  
Attach to it. It is a forgery :  
And, more than that, I know the forger's hand.

*Hans.* No more ; your woman's wit, keener than mine,  
Has made my work more light. How far 'tis true,  
What we have heard, I'll learn ; and how far false.  
*Metsy,* you need not leave till I come back. [*Exit METSY.*  
I'll see that painter, Mandynn, though his devils  
Sit at the door to seize me as I enter.  
I'll see the Burgomaster ; and, if need be,  
The Margrave also. Keep yourselves alive  
To all that passes ; if Tycho, or if Ludwig  
Return before me, hold them till I come.  
Conrade I sent to Haarlem last week,  
To help a friend, you need not think of him ;  
'Twere better not to mix him with these others ;  
So he shall stop, till all is noonday clear.  
Good bye, my Gertrude. Wench, your father's haste  
In you is mingled with your mother's wit.



"Twill be a clever husband that will match you.  
 Go make it up with Metsy, I have hurt her,  
 And, as I fear, without sufficient cause.  
 Don't tell her though what I have said to you.  
 Good bye, my wife ; be on the watch-tower, both.

*Mrs. Brinkt & Gertrude.* Good bye, we shall expect you soon  
 with news.

Good bye, good bye !

[*Exit HANS—Scene closes.*]

SCENE III.—QUENTIN MATSYS *in a cell—a bell ringing slowly.*

*Quentin.* The bell again ! Once more then morning peeps  
 Through yonder chink and tells me of the day—  
 The day that I must pass in living night,  
 In hunger, and in thirst, and weariness,  
 In soul and body hungry and athirst.  
 I have borne poverty without complaint,  
 When freedom with the bitter cup was mixed.  
 But, gracious Lord, 'tis more, 'tis more this cup  
 Than I can take, and, having taken, bear.  
 Divinity itself might stand appalled,  
 In this abode and this calamity.  
 There is a mockery of innocence  
 In every act of this imprisonment.  
 Seized without fault or any show of fault,  
 By men as dumb as rocks, yet fierce as fiends ;  
 Carried by night, my hands all bound and bleeding,  
 And my eyes bandaged from the blessed light ;  
 Cast in this dungeon, charged with stench and silence,  
 Without a word from any human lips  
 To make me conscious of a living man.  
 Now my own words recede as from myself,

And in dull whisperings retreat and die.

When first I came, and madness fired my brain,

I shouted forth my wrongs, and from the east

The sounds came back in echo.

E'en echo gave relief, but now it ceases,

Or ceasing not it comes not back to me.

To die were rest, for I am clothed in death,

Yet live and suffer ; buried, and alive.

Now silently the wretched sustenance

On which this half-clothed body is sustained,

Turns in the cell, moved by a hand unseen :

The quantity not varying day by day,

The quality remaining ever one.

Like poison brought by messenger of hell,

Ripping in passing flight the noiseless air,

It comes to me, fulfilling just enough

To hold the soul united with the clay,

And fill the clay with fever of starvation,

And keep unplied the ever burning void,

And nothing more !

Once, nay, how many times my hand has risen

To dash the refuse to my feet, and tread,

And tread it into dust, and famished die !

And then as many times the thought has checked me ;

Fool ! thou hast done no wrong, wrong do not do.

Why act the deed for others they would act ?

Is't thus thy Lisa would behave to thee ?

And as this holy thought has crossed my heart,

I have forborne and eaten, e'en as now.

[*Eats.*

(*Siren sister sings.*)

Eat thou and live,

Life thou shalt earn,

And all it can give

Shall surely return.

She on whom sorrows wait,  
Lives for thee yet.  
Her's is the hardest fate,  
Never forget.

*Quentin.* It is the voice again, and I shall live !  
Now death is life, and I shall rise again.

END OF ACT III.

## A C T IV.

SCENE I.—*An open place in the environs of Antwerp, in the early morning ; present, Father BASIL and Bishop ADRIAN in Monks' costume ; Father BASIL leading his Mule.*

*Basil.* I am prepared, my reverend Lord.

*Bishop.* Art still convinced that the confessional  
Has furnished trusty evidence of facts ?

*Basil.* I am quite sure ; and ready, for my part,  
For clearing Flanders of this pestilence.

*Bishop.* I hoped that Flanders had escaped the evil ;  
And yet the weight was heavy on my mind,  
That where thou goest all is not correct ;  
A few days now, at most, will safely test  
The truth of everything that hath been told me.  
Once more assure me, canst thou trust the guide ?

*Basil.* E'en as myself ; he knows the country well,  
And a more honest man lives not in Antwerp.  
He waits for me within a mile from hence.

*Bishop.* If thou art satisfied, I am content.  
My orders are explicit ; as thou rid'st,  
Take out the scrip and read it o'er and o'er.  
Act boldly and yet wisely. Ere thou reach  
The darkened cloister of the accused priest,  
Call at the house of Baron Rosenthal.  
Give him my note : take his retainers with thee,  
And, if need be, use force to gain an entrance  
Into this den of infamy and death.  
Whatever happens, thou shalt be held scathless ;  
For 'fore the Holy Father I will spread

These dark designs brooding in Mother church.  
 And if a wrong is done as he shall think,  
 I'll take the burthen and lay down with joy  
 My honours and my life in such a cause.

*Basil.* Nay, I must share thy fate, if I must act;  
 I fear not martyrdom, but glory in it.  
 Thy blessing, my dear lord, and I depart;  
 'Tis four long days of journeying, and time  
 Is now so precious, that a minute lost  
 May add another crime to the dread list.

*Bishop.* My blessing take with thee; and my poor prayers,  
 Whene'er the sun stands at his present guage,  
 Shall follow thee. Then let thy prayers for me  
 Ascend in concert to the throne of Him  
 Who ruleth in the majesty of Heaven—  
 Whose eyes are orbs of purity and light.  
 Farewell, my brother, fare thee well! farewell!

[*Exit BASIL.*]

*Bishop (alone).* The time is now fast coming, nay, has come,  
 When Holy Church must purge herself of error,  
 Or Holy Church must fall.  
 Fall did I say? aye, fall, and fall she must;  
 For God nor man can brook unholy deeds  
 From lustful tyrants, though their shoulders bear  
 The mystic signs of piety and truth.  
 We have had creeping o'er us, many an age,  
 A dense corruption; we have hidden much,  
 But now the hour has come when men espy  
 Beneath the stole a trick, and in the cloister  
 A rank pervading stench which sickens them,  
 And strikes them to the earth with moral fear.  
 Wykliffe of England hath not preached so vainly,  
 Nor Huss and Jerome struck so brief a spark  
 In offering up their bodies to the fire,



That we can stop the torrent in its course  
 By force of arms or force of childish threats.  
 Adrian, thou know'st the truth, and thou must act,  
 Or all thy life is treason against God.  
 Die, man, thou shalt ; but die, aye, die in glory.  
 Lay not the sins of brethren open out  
 For the world's ridicule and giddy sport,  
 But stand thou firm, and in thy place and power,  
 Cut with a dexterous hand these hidden plagues  
 From out the church ; or let the church take thee  
 And offer thee as sacrifice for sin.  
 Thus conscience, in its simple honest strain,  
 Speaks to the man, not to the mitred Adrian ;  
 And conscience in the man shall guide the priest.  
 For by the conscience all great deeds are judged ;  
 It is the Voice of Voices, teaching man ;  
 It stands above all human ordinance ;  
 It asks no solemn rite ; takes no disguise.  
 It is a revelation without end,  
 Telling to saint and saintless, each alike,  
 In every age the same, th' eternal will.  
 The omnipresent priest of the Most High !  
 Conscience, I stand by thee in life and death !  
 For living thou art here, in this poor heart,  
 And dying thou art there, in the empyrean.

[*Scene closes.*]

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SCENE II.—*A Wilderness ; present LISA.*

*Lisa.* Six suns have set in glorious majesty,  
 Making this wilderness a golden garden,  
 And bathing me with airs shot from those beams,  
 Which fan-like spread across the western sky.

Birds once more sing their notes of gentle peace,  
 Welcome their mates, and choose the daintiest boughs  
 On which to sleep their hours of loving rest.  
 The brook runs softer, and its pebbled hosts,  
 That in the mid-day clash and strike together,  
 Take their rest too beneath the silvery hum.  
 Betwixt yon distant pines the winding road  
 That shoots into the landscape with a glare  
 Made dazzling, even here, at hour of noon,  
 Now sobers down from white to shadowy green.  
 The hare, swift-footed, gaily ventures forth,  
 And skips across the plain in guileless fear,  
 No foot of man breaking the solitude.  
 It is a time when all hearts might rejoice  
 In silent joy. Here might the poet soar,  
 Drawing from heaven for earth the living fire,  
 And fixing it on earth for every son  
 Of daily toil to rest near, and be touched  
 By magic warmth ; kindling within his soul  
 All the divine. Here might the painter muse,  
 And clothe his canvas with the robes of heaven.  
 But to me alone, to me, such happiness,  
 So richly and invitingly bespread,  
 Comes not ; for in my breast a gnawing void,  
 Exciting feverish suspense, expresses  
 That dissonance runs through the harmony,  
 While Quentin comes not to make all complete.  
 Then, likewise, start up thoughts that irritate  
 My maiden pride by angry questionings.  
 What will the cruel world think of my doings,  
 To leave my house attended by a servant,  
 To seek a lover madly through the land,  
 Wisting not where ? And yet what less were left me ?  
 To live at home in grovelling wretchedness

And have another rudely forced upon me  
 Whom my soul loathes with an instinctive dread?  
 To learn false rumours of my true one's fate,  
 And hear him in his innocence reviled,  
 And take no steps to vindicate his honour,  
 Speechless and dead both to his woes and mine?  
 No, no! that were no faithful woman's part.  
 Far better here to lay me down and rest  
 In sleepy death, forgetting and forgotten!  
 Begone, repining thoughts! begone! begone!  
 Let courage take your place, and firm endurance.  
 I will not murmur, for my sufferings placed  
 Aside of his are simple mockery.  
 Come, Bergamot, so long, so long away,  
 Oh! come and tell me of thy wanderings—  
 Tell me the worst, and I can bear the worst;  
 But tell me something; just a word—a word.

*Enter GRETCHEN singing.*

*Gretchen.*      I am nature's child.  
                     And my notes so wild,  
 Are but suited for woodland and dell;  
                     And my only home,  
                     Is heaven's high dome,  
 Beneath which I love to dwell.

In summer hours,  
 I sport with the flowers,  
 Or skim o'er the light blue wave;  
 When autumn appears,  
 I glean the ripe ears,  
 With thanks to the hand that gave.

When winter's blast  
 Blows keen, blows fast,  
 I keep a stout heart within ;  
 And I see in the snow,  
 The best emblem I know,  
 Of the soul that is free from sin.

When spring time comes,  
 And earth resumes  
 Her life and her mantle green,  
 I rise with the day,  
 I renew my lay,  
 And sport like a May-day queen.

My thoughts are free  
 As thoughts can be,  
 No secrets have I to unfold ;  
 All life is my friend,  
 My love has no end,  
 And my heart has no thirst for gold.

What more can I need ?  
 I am clothed and fed,  
 And filled with a soul divine ;  
 The earth is my bed,  
 Her fruits are my bread,  
 And the Father of All is mine.

[*Ceases singing.*]

Look, Mistress Lisa, see the treasures fine  
 I have collected in my evening stroll.  
 Wild roses for our hair : and honey fresh  
 To make the remnants of our wallet sweet ;  
 And hazel-nuts, and water from the spring.

*Lisa.* You are an angel, Gretchen, far too good  
 To wait on such as me with so much care.

But, Gretchen, whither is your father gone ?  
 Think you he's lost, or seized, or made a prey ?  
 Six days and nights is a long time to wait,  
 With every minute lost in expectation.

*Gretchen.* I don't despair at all ; for long ago,  
 When we did often travel in this way,  
 My father would not come for weeks together.  
 We always waited, and we learned to hope,  
 That every hour he staid gave fresh assurance  
 Of something rich in store and very good.  
 And then, you know, he told us when he left  
 That he might not be back within six days ;  
 I am sure he'll come to-night, I know he will.

*Lisa.* You are a cheerful comrade, and your words  
 Do me more good than all the orisons  
 I ever heard or sang ; but pray you go  
 Once more upon our mount of observation,  
 And turn your eyes into the darkling distance.  
 Meanwhile I'll watch, and muse, as I am wont.

*Gretchen (who has ascended the height near).* Mistress ! he  
 comes, he comes ; I knew he would !  
 He turns the pine grove with a hasty step.  
 Let's run and meet him, or else hide ourselves,  
 And have some fun to see him look for us ;  
 'Twas this we did in the old merry days.

*Lisa.* Thank God ! thank God !  
 Gretchen, my dearest, stir not from the spot ;  
 'Twere safest far to wait, or we might miss him.

[*Bergamot appears over the mount.*

Thank God ! I say, 'tis he ; it is, it is !  
 Bergamot, bless thee ! bless thee, Bergamot !

*Bergamot (coming forward, leading Gretchen).* Brave girls !  
 brave girls ! to trust me, and not move.



Let me sit down. How have you fared for food ?

I bring you something to recruit the store.

*Gretchen.* Oh, we did want but little for our needs,  
And bounteous nature gave us more than that.

I had prepared a supper once again.

*Bergamot.* Why, then, we'll share the spoil; lay forth the  
hoards;

Within my wallet look, and you will find;

Sweet mistress, eat, for you are faint withal.

*Lisa.* Faint, truly, but with hunger of the mind;  
Wait not, but tell me, have you news of Quentin ?

*Bergamot.* Aye, news, news, news; but eat before you  
hear it.

*Lisa.* Nay, feed me with the news; I can sustain it,  
Though it be deadly poison to my hopes!

I see, 'tis dreadful news! say—is he dead?

*Bergamot.* Not dead, not dead, not yet; oh, no, not dead!

*Lisa.* Not dead; but dying, ill, and comfortless?

*Bergamot.* Not dying; but you say well, comfortless,  
Aye, comfortless enough!

*Lisa.* Oh! can I not at once fly to his aid?

*Bergamot.* Impossible! and yet you may in time,  
But not this night; until the morning dawns  
We here must rest.

*Lisa.* Oh tell me all, as quickly as you can;  
I can bear anything but hesitation.

*Bergamot.* Eat while I tell you, then; the tale is long,  
And I must speak it in my own plain way.

I will not tell a word unless you eat,  
And when you stop, my lips at once shall close.

*Lisa.* I will begin, and hold perpetual feast  
Till you have finished every syllable.

*Bergamot.* When we left Antwerp I had got a cue  
From cousin Metsy, that the artist Kasper,

And the whelp Tycho, had a spite for Quentin.

Kasper loved you, I think ; was't not the case ?

*Lisa.* He said he did ; but if he did heeds not.

*Bergamot.* He said he did ? Well, that was what I said,  
I know he said so ; and the monkey, Tycho,  
Had put his eyes on winning little Gertrude,  
Who, in her turn, loves Quentin more than gold.

*Lisa.* They are as brother and sister, Bergamot,  
They have lived so long together, as you know.

*Bergamot.* Who loses time in interrupting me ?  
I said that Gertrude loved him more than gold.

I meant the girl no wrong ; nor Quentin either.

But, as I would explain, these are the facts.

Kasper and Tycho, hating one another,  
Combined alike to vent their hate on Quentin.

This is the first scene in the tragedy.

The second is, that lately into Antwerp  
A man has come, whose history I know.

He is a priest, and calls himself Alexis,

Father Alexis ; he has grinning teeth,

And sweetened smiles, both for the rich and poor.

When first I joined the players, quite a youth,

Before my face was pitted by the plague,

He was with us ; he thieved, and tried to murder,

And we expelled him from our company.

I met him not for years, but heard he had joined

The hooded men, and acted as a spy

For this new order called the Inquisition.

No sooner had he set his foot in Antwerp

Than I detected him ; but me he knew not.

I watched his movements often, and, at last

'Mongst other things, I saw that he and Kasper,

And Tycho also after some few weeks,

Held frequent intercourse.

*Lisa.* I see it all: 'twas Kasper moved my father,  
To beg me choose Alexis for confessor.

*Bergamot.* Is't possible? well, that I did not know.

*Lisa.* 'Tis true, proceed.

*Bergamot.* When I described that Kasper, and Alexis,  
And little Tycho, laid their heads together,  
I meant to say the second act was over.

*Lisa.* Proceed, proceed, I'll take the fact as granted.

*Bergamot.* I must refresh myself between the parts.  
There's not a player in all Christendom,  
Who, in the midst of bloodiest tragedy,  
Would fail to take a drink between the parts.

*Lisa.* Good Bergamot, good Bergamot, pray drink.  
I'll wait for you in patience.

*Bergamot.* I bow before my audience, and renew.  
There is a plain, just thirty leagues from Antwerp,  
Where there has been for long time past a herd  
Of doubtful monks; their house upon the plain  
Stands forth in solemn solitude and gloom;  
And, as they elaim the land all round about,  
They are shut off indeed from the whole world.  
They make pretence of rigid piety,  
And corporal suffering in th' extremest sense;  
But in their hearts they are such darksome devils  
That none your father ever painted matched them.  
When we were playing near we once were drawn,  
By a large sum to bind us to the secret,  
To play before them; but our parts and plays  
Were not so lewd and coarse as they did like.  
And we did see enough to get us gone  
More quickly than we came; for on our women  
They set their eyes; and from their cells we heard  
The wails of prisoners, in female tones.  
They form no part of any sacred order,

But one connected and exclusive band ;  
 Yet do they link themselves sometimes with others  
 By selfish ties, as with the flagellants,  
 To whom they furnish many a groaning scourger.  
 Of late it is suspected they have bent  
 Towards this new wickedness, the Inquisition ;  
 And do, in fact, when that it suits their purpose,  
 Assume the rank of inquisitioners.  
 The Primate and his friends hate and detest them.  
 But all their deeds are so obscurely done,  
 That they exist and cannot be put down.  
 They wear a special hood, from which depends  
 The semblance of a scourge, to indicate  
 That all day long the scourge is on their backs.

*Lisa.* They do, they do ; Alexis wears that scourge.'

*Bergamot.* 'Tis true ; and when I saw him I detected  
 His habit, his location, and his business.  
 So, putting all these things together thus—  
 Quentin and Lisa, Tycho, Gertrude, Kasper,  
 Father Alexis, and the Inquisition—  
 I thought 'twere well to steer straight towards this place.  
 Which is but one day's journey from the monks.  
 The curtain now must fall on act the third.

*Gretchen.* And is poor Quentin there imprisoned, father ?

*Bergamot.* Wait till the prompter rings his bell, my child ;  
 The fourth act is the centre of the play.

*Lisa.* We must be patient, Gretchen, he is tired.

*Bergamot.* Not I, not I ; but we must keep to rule.  
 The curtain slowly rises, I proceed.

We came together here, and here you stayed,  
 While I, disguised as a poor juggling player,  
 Made on towards the convent ; there arrived,  
 I offered sport within the outer court.  
 The Keeper, holy man, rebuked my cunning,

But told me I might enter and be fed ;  
 And when night came, a servant from the cloisters  
 Brought me this bag of gold, and bid me follow.  
 Then to a table richly stow'd with wine,  
 The monks carousing, sitting all around,  
 He led me straight and called aloud " the juggler."  
 Before the roaring crew I play'd some tricks  
 Of sleight of hand and curvature of body,  
 Till one more sober than the rest removed me,  
 And took me to a silent resting place.  
 I did not sleep alone. I scarce had laid  
 My wearied body down in one recess,  
 When, under guard, two others were put in,  
 Whose voices soon I knew. The one was Tycho,  
 The other Ludwig, both apprentices  
 With Quentin Matsys ; not long they paused,  
 But, each reclining in a separate cell,  
 They grumbled first, then quarrelled violently.  
 Thinking none heard, they uttered all their treason,  
 How Kasper Brinkt had secretly impeached  
 Poor Quentin to this holy inquisition,  
 For having, on a certain night, been seen  
 Within the precincts of the old Cathedral,  
 Together with a nun whom he seduced  
 To leave her convent and become his wife.

*Lisa.* Oh, most unhappy thought ! I played the nun.

*Bergamot.* And further, that at certain times he held  
 A league with Satan, whom he met at night,  
 Within the house of one called Bergamot.

*Lisa.* Why, that was you, when you were sitting to him.

*Bergamot.* True, true, but hear ; on this the traitorous spies,  
 Headed by this pretended priest, Alexis,  
 On large reward from Kasper, seized on Quentin  
 And bore him to the monastery, to take



His trial for the crimes that he has done.

*Lisa.* Oh, most pernicious and infernal plot !

*Bergamot.* The two apprentices were also taken  
To bear their witnessing as to the crimes,  
And 'twas on this they quarrelled ; for it seemed  
That Ludwig had repented him of evil,  
But feared the hunchback, who enjoyed the scene ;  
And that within a week his victim, bound  
In iron chains, would stand before the court,  
And perhaps be put to torture.

*Lisa.* You did not lie and let that hunchback live ?

*Bergamot.* With force of self-restraint I did, my mistress.  
For, had I moved, the worst had come at once.  
I lay and watched ; at last the hunchback snored.  
Then Ludwig rose, and taking up the lamp,  
Moved cautiously about as if to escape,  
And sobbed e'en as a child might sob in fear.  
At last, appearing to sum up his courage,  
He took a cord he had concealed about him,  
And putting out his light, opened the casement,  
And fastening well the cord to a firm stanchion,  
Let himself down ; I followed on him close,  
And when he reached the ground I took the rope  
And slid also gently to the earth.

*Lisa.* And left the hunchback to his guilty rest,  
To tell his lying tale before the court ?  
Oh, Bergie ! Bergie ! what a sad mistake !  
I am but a woman, yet had I been there,  
The strength of Hercules entering my limbs,  
I would have seized the monster by the throat  
And hurled him headlong from the casement, dead.  
It would have read as though, intent to fly,  
He had escaped the mark and died instead,  
The end would well have justified the deed.

Now you have left him there to lie to death  
The innocent and stainless.

*Bergamot.* Forgive ! oh, pray forgive ! oh, pray forgive !  
I could have done it and I would have done it,  
Though all my life had been a haunted shadow,  
His blood upon my hands ; but, I confess,  
The thought did never cross me for a moment.  
I thought of strangling him, of leaving him,  
And afterwards of flying for my life,  
But that would have aroused a wild suspicion  
'Gainst him I wished to save, as though one said  
That juggler was his friend, and killed the witness,  
To close his speech ; and as the time pressed fast,  
My next strong impulse was to capture Ludwig,  
Make him confess, and prove the hunchback liar.  
Therefore I followed Ludwig with all speed,  
And though I heard his fast retreating steps,  
And kept near him till dawn, and, in the light,  
Saw him upon a hill, within a mile,  
And shouted to him, and held up my hand,  
I caught him not. Two days did I pursue him,  
And would have chased him to the gates of Antwerp,  
The towers of which were e'en within my view,  
But that I thought I must return to you.  
To-morrow we will all go back to Antwerp.

*Lisa.* I thought to-morrow Quentin would be tried ?

*Bergamot.* Next day unto to-morrow, not to-morrow.

*Lisa.* And we are four days journey, full, from Antwerp ;  
By then we reached our home he were struck down.  
Now hear me, Bergie ; I will blame no more,  
For had you thought the thought, your hand had done  
The mind's command. 'Tis too late for regrets ;  
But I am fixed to action. With the morn  
I make my way to this accursed prison ;

Before the council I will claim an audience,  
And state the truth, whatever be the cost.

*Bergamot.* Oh, mistress, mistress, think you of the cost ;  
You are in power a woman, but in beauty  
A prize for such as those who govern there ;  
Once place a foot within the tempter's snare,  
And worse than death the fate that waits on you.

*Lisa.* *In Deo mea spes :* down now to rest,  
And with the sun I'll rise and do my task.  
I'll ask you, Bergamot, to lead me on,  
Within the sight of this atrocious den ;  
To farther danger I will not invite you.  
Howe'er disguised, you might be known again,  
And make your life pay forfeit to your service.  
My life is little worth, and I will cast it  
Upon the risk : the venture only mine.

*Bergamot.* What, mistress, do you doubt me then? No no!  
You do not doubt me, say you do not doubt me !  
I am a man of simple, thoughtless nature,  
But full of courage, and of hope and truth ;  
'Twould break my heart to feel that you were doubtful ;  
Where you go I shall follow.

*Lisa.* Bergie, dear Bergie, I did never doubt you ;  
How could I doubt you ? let not my despair  
Play false to my intentions. Perchance 'twere best  
To act as you have acted ; we all are moved  
By various impulses in hours of trial ;  
Being ever, when the cause is good, directed  
By One unseen, and yet for ever present.  
I will retire to rest, and in the morning,  
If, on reflection you shall still make choice  
To brave the danger with me, hand in hand  
We'll brave it to the end. The bower you twined  
For Gretchen and for me, invites us now.

We have a sturdy sentinel to-night,  
And leave him to his duty. Fare you well.

*Bergamot.* Farewell dear mistress, time will not move me.  
Good-night, my Gretchen.

*Gretchen.* Good-night, dear father ; do not sit too long.

[*Exeunt LISA & GRETCHEN.*

*Bergamot.* The fourth act closes as a signal failure ;  
The scenery working ill, the author muddy,  
The players witless, and the audience touchy ;  
And now the fifth comes on with solemn presage.  
Perchance some opportunity may come  
For readier wit, and all may be redeemed ;  
But I confess me 'tis a gloomy prospect.  
See to the parts, frail Bergamot, and act  
At quickest notice to retrieve your fame.  
But first in slumber doze your cares away,  
For sleepless night ne'er brings a wakeful day.

[*He lies down to sleep—Scene closes.*

SCENE III.—*The Court of the Inquisition.* Father STEPHEN,  
*President, on raised dais. Monks sitting with their faces towards*  
*the Bar. QUENTIN MATSYS before them, as Prisoner.*

*Stephen.* Young man, thou'rt brought before this holy court,  
Charged with most heinous crimes. This holy court,  
Established to exterminate corruption,  
Holds dreadful terrors o'er the culprit's head,  
And carries out its powers without remorse.  
Yet, for the reason of this dreadful power,

It would most strictly work out every fact,  
 And give the prisoner fullest room to escape.  
 Further, when guilty acts are truly proven,  
 Confession hangs behind, which, in its earnest  
 To save the soul while yet the body lives,  
 The court may try severely to enforce.  
 Now thou, as I have said, art charged with crimes  
 Deadly and brutal; and we sitting here  
 Have heard the evidence that bears against thee,  
 With such conviction of its truthfulness,  
 That our hearts bleed to think that, in a land  
 Where holy church exerts her sovereign sway,  
 Such deeds can be pursued. I read the counts  
 That stand against thee, in their simple plainness. [Reads.

*Imprimis*—It is charged against thee, Quentin Matsys, Blacksmith, of Antwerp, that on the eve of the first of the seventh month of the year of grace 1481, thou, in the hour of night, didst, in the Cathedral-yard of the city of Antwerp, waylay a holy nun of the Convent of the Sainted Mary; that there for two hours, or well nigh two hours, thou didst with devilish cunning so entrance her with thy speech, that she did break her solemn vows and pledge herself, in thy vile embrace, to violate her sanctity and become thy wife; that thou didst with her exchange tokens, whereof the ring on thy hand is by and from her. Brethren of this Holy Court! Is not the charge sworn to by a witness of the facts, and sealed with his blood?

*The Court. Sufficit.*

*Stephen.* Next, Quentin Matsys, Blacksmith, of Antwerp, thou art accused, that on many nights in the same month, in the same year, thou didst hold converse with Satan, at the house of one called Bergamot, since fled from Antwerp, and didst there league with him, and sell thyself to his service, and didst even transmit to his hands most odiously written evidence of things and acts done in Antwerp; and didst corrupt all that approached thee, under a



guise of innocence and faith. Brethren of this Holy Court ! Is not this charge sworn to by a living witness, and, in solemn asseveration, sealed with his blood ?

*The Court. Sufficit.*

*Stephen.* Thou hearest the holy brethren say “*sufficit* ;” but even yet there are minor charges, the which we will not move against thee ; but in our clemency overlook them. But these which I have made, answer thou to and disprove, or thy blood be on thine own head. Brethren, accede you in this decision ?

*The Court. Sufficit.*

*Quentin.* Most holy Father ! holy fathers all !  
I stand before this court as unprepared  
To make an instant answer to these charges,  
As one just born might be prepared to answer  
For sin of parent carried to the child.  
Give me my liberty ; or let me summon  
Some who have known me from my earliest days—  
My master, my confessor, any one—  
And they will prove my innocence of life.  
The witness you have heard is a false witness,  
He is the witness of the fiend himself.  
Let me confront him in the open day.

*Stephen.* Our court is secret, and the witnesses  
Are never made to appear before the accused ;  
Sufficient is it for thyself to hear  
That thy accuser knew thee from thy birth.  
The court cannot allow that thou shalt stand  
And gainsay evidence sworn to and sealed ;  
It is thy place to answer to the charge.  
On such a night as hath been given out,  
Didst thou or didst thou not embrace a nun ?

*Quentin.* 'Fore God, I did not.

*Stephen.* Where wast thou on that night ?

*Quentin.* With one I soon shall hope to meet in Heaven.

*Stephen.* We asked thee not with whom, but where thou wert?  
Falter not at thy peril. Where wert thou?  
Well, if thou wilt not answer me that way,  
Tell me, wert thou in the Cathedral-yard  
At any hour that night?

*Quentin.* I was.

*Stephen.* For full two hours, perhaps more, until the dawn  
Broke on the scene, and matins were commenced?

*Quentin.* 'Tis true.

*Stephen.* And wert thou not in close and fond communion  
With one, whom meeting, thou didst take embracing  
Into thy arms, and call her sweetest nun?

*Quentin.* I met a lady clad in nun's attire,  
But not a nun. Oh, holy, holy Father!  
Hear me; for I will tell you nought but truth.

*Stephen.* Hold! reckon not on subterfuge like this.  
For know'st thou not that, by our sacred law,  
Who clothes herself in nun's attire for shame,  
Whether in truth a nun or not a nun,  
Shares equally the vengeance of the church;  
And bringing scorn on virgin purity,  
In mockery or in earnest, each alike,  
Awaits the scourge of purifying fire?

*Quentin.* Oh, Father of the just! and is it so?  
And is thy church thus guided by thy counsel?

*Stephen.* What is't he says, I could not catch the sentence?

*The Court.* He uttereth blasphemy against the Church.

*Stephen.* Enough! enough! Prisoner, for blasphemy  
I might commit thee without one more word.  
Confession is thy task, infliction mine.

*Quentin.* No further word have I; but, dumb as death,  
I wait your cruelties in hoping faith.

*Stephen.* Beside thee stands the rack, the instrument  
Most fit for recreant sinners such as thee.

There are three grades of torture ; one is gentle ;  
 The second awful ; and the third, though slow,  
 A means to certain death. Choose thou thy fate :  
 Confession or the rack ? Make ready, there !

[*Executioners prepare.*

Thou still art mute ? upon thy head thy blood.  
 Executives of justice, do your office.

*Quentin.* Aye, do your worst, executives of justice !  
 Jesu, on Calvary I turn mine eyes.  
 Quiet, quiet, my heart, and nerve me to the test !

[*Siren sister sings.*

Fear not his frown ;  
 Upon thy grief  
 All Heaven looks down,  
 And brings relief.

Oh, speak again, sweet angel, speak again !

*Stephen.* He communes with the Evil One ! Proceed  
 Put on the first degree, the gentle torture ;  
 When that my bell strikes, pass you to the second.

[*QUENTIN is put on the rack.*

*Stephen.* Confession comes not from his evil tongue.  
 He shall not blame us for deficient time ;  
 We will be merciful, while yet we are just.  
 See that no cord relaxes of its hold.  
 He utters not a groan that I can hear ;  
 I do not relish torture without music.

*Quentin.* Lord of the cross and shame, I humbly thank Thee !  
 Thou fill'st me with thy presence and thy love.

*Stephen.* 'Tis the most obdurate knave I ever stretched ;  
 No music yet ? Look, varlets, to your cords.

*Executioner-in-Chief.* They are at fullest pitch, my holy Father,  
 For the first movement, hear them how they twang ;

And round his ancles they are eating through  
The trembling flesh ; the instrument plays well.

*Quentin.* Jesu, mine eyes are beaming with thy love!

*Enter Servitor.*

*Servitor.* Most holy Council, at the outer gate  
A lady waits and loudly claims admittance,  
Some weighty evidence she fain would bear  
Touching the heretic now under torture.

*Stephen.* Say, is she young or old ?

*Servitor.* She may, my Father, be some twenty summers.

*Stephen.* Say, is she beautiful as well as young ?

*Servitor.* Most fair and beautiful. A lovelier face  
I have not seen since I did office here.

*Stephen.* Brethren, I rule we see this pretty witness ;  
It may be that the nun herself has come.

*Court.* Sufficit.

*Stephen.* Give her admittance.

*Servitor.* I do your bidding.

(*Aside.*) 'Tis a sad mission ; I can bear to see  
Men under torture when they do not scream ;  
But, by my life, to think that lovely girl  
Should step into the snarer's net so glibly,  
Upsets my mirth, and kills my appetite.

His eyes shine out with lust e'er yet she comes. [sound,

*Stephen (aside).* He seems perplexed, but still he gives no  
He shall make up for this when he begins.

(*To the Executioners.*) Strike on your strings again, my merry  
men.

It is a grand device to turn the rack  
Into a lute, sounding such telling tones.  
We may improve on this with time and practice,  
And make our heretics combine their music  
With instrumental chords ; female musicians  
Would sing a lovely treble, while our leader

Struck out a grave and deep resounding bass.  
Fathers, what think ye of this new design ?

*The Court. Sufficit.*

*Executioner.* 'Tis a sweet instrument this one, my father,  
Made of good seasoned wood that doesn't shrink,  
And works without a noise, and all so true  
That were his tightened sinews free of flesh,  
That I could twang them as I do the cords,  
The note would be the same where'er I struck it.

*Stephen.* We'll name that tuneful rack, St. Gregory !

[*Enter LISA, followed by BERGAMOT, dressed as a woman.*

Daughter, we welcome thee ; thou com'st to bring  
Some evidence against this heretic,  
Who, scorning to confess his evil ways,  
Now suffers torture till he do confess.  
We hear thee patiently, speak out thy facts.

*Lisa.* Father, I speak not of a heretic,  
But of one Quentin Matsys, who, ensnared—

*Quentin.* It is her voice ; it is, it is my Lisa !  
Now loose me, villains, loose me ! let me see her !  
I'll tear each joint apart, but I will go ;  
I tell you, loose me ! do you hear me speak ?

*Executioner.* We hear, we hear ; but keep yourself composed,  
You'll hurt yourself much more than there is need  
Before the second torture ; wait for that.  
'Twill give you exercise enough, I promise you.

*Quentin.* Accursed villain ! no, I mean it not ;  
It is your office, and you know no better.  
Even in this agony I do forgive you.  
Loose me, and I will pray for you a blessing.

*Stephen.* Music at last ! I thought it would be so ;  
Now have we both the fowler and the bird.

*Lisa.* Oh, direst woe, my Quentin under torture !  
My Fathers, holy men of all degrees,



Relieve him, pray relieve him ! I will state  
That which shall clear him even from suspicion.  
Let me confess, not he, for he is guiltless.

*Quentin.* As thou lov'st me, confess no word to these,  
They are as devils in the robes of priests !

*Stephen.* Put on his mouth your hands, and hold them firm,  
And stop his speech—at least till groaning time.

*Bergamot (aside).* The fifth act sickens me ; but, could I move,  
And get behind the burly villain's chair,  
I might, at least, excite a strange diversion.  
I'll try the plan ; 'tis the last card to play.  
Come, ready wit, and fill me with a thought !

[Retires behind the curtain leading to the Dais.]

*Stephen.* Daughter, we wait the furtherance of thy speech ?

*Lisa.* Call me not daughter ! we are not akin,  
Nor of this earth the same. He, my betrothed,  
Who lies before you, victim of your hate  
And hellish cruelty, has done no wrong,  
And here I come to prove his innocence.  
If you will listen, I will prove it yet.

*Stephen.* Take care this doting bird does not escape !  
We'll hear her story in our private room.

*Lisa.* Nay, in this room, before this Court I speak ;  
I have no private matter to impart,  
Nor favors to request, nor to bestow.  
If you have hearts within you, stay your hands !  
Retain me as a hostage, if you will.

*Stephen.* We take thee at thy word, thou shalt be hostage ;  
But for thyself a hostage, not for him.  
(To Executioner.) Take off your hands. Now, heretic, what word ?  
Less than five minutes, and the bell will ring,  
Which bids the ready executioner  
Tighten the bonds, and double the infliction.

*Quentin.* Lisa, I'm thine ! Think not of me, but save,

Oh save yourself ! let them not wring from you  
 One syllable, for they will turn it round  
 And make it answer every charge against you.

*Stephen.* Put on your hands again, we'll change the strain ;  
 The rack is not the bed for lover's moanings.  
 It is the grand confessional of Rome,  
 And must be sacred to its sacred purpose.

*Lisa.* Oh, Father, on my knees I beg your mercy !  
 If that I may not plead in his defence,  
 Let me, then, pray for it with woman's tears !  
 You had a mother once, and she a husband,  
 Perchance you may have loved, even yourself.  
 Bethink you, therefore, of the past ; and, oh !  
 Bethink you of the future and its sorrows ;  
 Of retributions for a life o'ercast  
 With cruelties and jestings such as these.  
 Conceive you that the Father of mankind  
 Would treat the vilest of his creatures thus ?  
 And can you hope that in his ministry  
 You can usurp his power and change his goodness  
 Into such perfidy and wicked wiles ?

*Stephen.* Upon my cross ! our daughter reads a sermon ;  
 We'll put her up within the chapter-house,  
 And make her preach while we refresh ourselves.  
 Get ready, executioner-in-chief, -  
 Have all your levers fixed ; I ring the bell.

[BERGAMOT, *as a devil, shows his face round the curtain  
 at the back of Stephen's chair, and puts his hand on  
 the bell.*

*Bergamot (whispers to Stephen).* Not yet, not yet ! I've work  
 for him and thee.  
 If he die now, the angels wait to take him,  
 And you and I will see him afar off.  
 Remember Dives in the parable !

*Stephen.* Hold, hold! what means this? loose the prisoner!  
 Help, help! I faint, I faint! loose, loose the man!  
 Call my confessor! bring wine! bring wine! bring wine!  
 I will not die as yet—I'm unconfessed!  
 I will not die as yet—I'll do my penance!

[*The Court rush to STEPHEN'S assistance. BERGAMOT re-appears behind LISA as a woman.*]

*Bergamot.* The fifth act brightens up, I've played my part  
 To some effect. See you, sweet mistress Lisa,  
 Of all the court none knows the trick but Quentin;  
 Mark in his suffering how he turns and smiles.

*Lisa.* See his poor arms, how they are cut and crossed!

*Bergamot.* Yes, but the cords are loosened very much;  
 He fain would speak, but thinks 'twere best to rest.  
 See you, the little hunchback is amongst  
 The executioners; did he know me,  
 He might be troublesome in explanation.

*Executioner (by the side of Father Stephen).* Move from the  
 centre, give him air to breathe;  
 I have seen many fainting worse than he;  
 Some like to faint, because it stops their feeling.  
 There, now he sees us; holy Father, rise.

*Stephen.* They're knocking at the gate; they call for me.  
 Hark! hear you not that knocking at the gate?  
 Loose, loose the prisoner, and let him go.

*Executioner.* We have untightened him; he'll take no harm.

*Stephen.* Bar, bar the doors, let no one enter here.  
 I go to judgment unconfessed and damned!  
 Bar, bar the doors! Will no one bar the doors?

*Enter Servitor.*

*Servitor.* Fathers, a Monk mounted on chair of state,  
 And followed by a goodly armed train,  
 Enters the cloisters, bearing all before him.  
 We told him that this holy court was sitting,

But on he came without a word of question,  
And stands without, waiting to close his train  
And force his entrance.

[*Heavy blows fall on the door, which gives way. Enter*  
HANS BRINKT, *carrying a blacksmith's hammer,*  
*followed by Father BASIL and retinue.*

*Hans.* Where is my friend and workman, Quentin Matsys?  
Who leads me not to him shall feel my hammer;  
Not Thor himself shall give a heavier blow.

*Quentin.* Look Master! here am I upon the rack!  
My strong limbs torn, but all my heart still steady.  
Take care of Lisa! she was pleading for me.

*Hans.* What! Lisa Mandynn here! God bless the child!  
Come to my side; he is a bolder man  
Than any here who dares to touch you now.

*Bergamot (aside to Hans).* Give me another hammer from  
your pouch;  
I'm Bergamot, young Lisa's serving man.  
Your Hunchback there acts executioner,  
And witnesser in chief against poor Quentin.  
Mark how he tries to hide him from our sight.  
I'll put a spikeyard through his middle hump,  
And clench it straight.

*Hans.* Nay, fetch him here to me, my valiant female;  
He's my apprentice, I will do correction.  
Smash down the barrier there, and clear the way!

*Basil.* Hold, worthy blacksmith, let thy feelings calm;  
No sudden burst of passion will suffice  
To clear this hell. My power is absolute;  
I can seize all, but action must proceed  
With dignity becoming my position.

*Hans.* Right, right, good Father! you are in command.  
Fall back, and let the reverend leader speak.

*Basil.* Stephen! called Abbot of this Monastery!

*Bergamot.* See, there's the Hunchback trying to escape !  
He'll climb the window cord, and make his exit.

*Hans.* If that he stir an inch from where he stands,  
I'll fling my hammer at his ugly head.  
Stand in the way who will, I keep my word.

*[They retire from the Hunchback.]*

*Basil.* Stephen ! called Abbot of this Monastery,  
And leader of these inquisition plots,  
I, Basil, Chancellor of this Diocese,  
By order of the Reverend the Primate,  
Lay claim to thee and all the brethren here,  
To answer 'fore his Eminence your deeds.  
If you resist, his Eminence directs  
That I shall bid the guards under my orders  
Enforce obedience. Thou art now a prisoner.  
I speak no more, but take a full possession  
Until his Eminence himself arrive,  
And ease me of the task. Guardsmen, advance !  
Lead every monk to solitude and safety !  
The Abbot will to-night be taken hence.  
Bear him away ! he may repent in time.

*Hans.* Don't take the Hunchback, he is not a monk ;  
He's my apprentice, give him up to me !

*Basil.* 'Tis well ; the Hunchback, as a layman, comes  
Without our jurisdiction : the civil law,  
In Antwerp always righteously administered,  
Will deal with him and give him his deserts.  
Quentin ! my son ! to thy deliverance now  
We must devote our hearts. Thou art released,  
And gentlest hands shall tend thy injured limbs.  
Nay, softly, still more softly, raise him up ;  
Follow him, Hans, and take him to your charge.  
He faints with happiness ; his star, now low,  
Will rise again, and shine bright as of yore.

*[Scene closes.]*



## A C T V.

SCENE I.—*The Studio of Heer MANDYNN.**Enter* CHRISTINE & METSY.

*Christine.* Come in, again, you are not frightened now.  
 I'll call my master ; but I think his mind  
 Is changed outright ; he neither paints nor walks,  
 But all day long mopes here in solitude.  
 Sometimes he dips his cane into the flames,  
 Then turns the glowing end in wheel of fire,  
 And laughs outright just like a little child.  
 Sometimes he calls, for full an hour or more,  
 For Bergamot ; and next for little Lisa ;  
 Then swears at Quentin Matsys as deceiver,  
 And breaker of his house and happiness.  
 But tell me, Metsy, why this busy stir ?  
 Why do the bells ring out so cheerily ?  
 I have not left the house for near a month,  
 Nor seen a soul with whom to cross a word.  
 You have no news, I fear, of my poor mistress ?

*Metsy.* I have ; and all the bells that ring bring news.  
 Quentin and Lisa, Master and Bergamot,  
 All come to town to-day alive and well ;  
 But Quentin still, they say, is very feeble.  
 I come from Mistress Brinkt to break this news  
 To Master Mandynn.

*Christine.* Oh tell me first of all that you may know !  
 But there comes master : I shall hear with him.

*Enter* MANDYNN.

*Mandynn.* Who dares come here to break upon my mourning ?

*Christine.* Master, 'tis Metsy ; Metsy from Hans Brinkt,  
The cousin of your Bergamot ; she brings  
Such news, my master, as will cheer your heart.

*Mandynn.* I want no news ; I want my Bergamot,  
I want my daughter, and I want my Kasper !

*Metsy.* Your daughter, Sir, is coming here to-day.

*Mandynn.* My daughter coming ! ah, you jest with me !

*Metsy.* No, I would not presume to jest with you ;  
Your daughter comes, and Bergamot is with her.

*Christine.* See, how he brightens up !

*Mandynn.* And Bergamot is coming here to-day ?

*Metsy.* Yes, Sir, they both are coming here to-day.

*Mandynn.* And Kasper, where is he ? I have not seen him  
These three weeks past ! Why does he keep away ?

*Metsy.* Kasper, I thank the saints, has fled for ever.  
Caught out in crime he sped to Haarlem,  
Where his own father saw him to disown him.  
He is gone, 'tis said, to Spain, to join a crew  
Who seek their fortunes in a distant world.

I hope he'll find some better work out there ;  
Here he has done enough to curse an age !

*Mandynn.* What means all this ? Where was my daughter  
found ?

*Metsy.* With Bergamot, in search of Quentin Matsys,  
Whom they did find, by Kasper's perjury,  
Before the inquisition under torture.  
They rescued him with Father Basil's help ;  
And on this day they make their way to Antwerp.  
To welcome them the town is all astir,  
For sure such news was never known before ;  
The sufferings they have borne, and such deliverance !

*Mandynn.* And so her heart is still upon that traitor ;  
Curse her, curse him, curse Bergamot, and all !

*Metsy.* For shame, Sir ! let your hoary locks remind you

This is no time to curse your dearest friends.  
 The plot 'gainst Quentin Matsys is exposed ;  
 He comes, like gold, the purer from the furnace.

*Mandynn.* Woman, begone ! if you had brought me word  
 That she had died, I would have said, I thank you,  
 And sought the end myself in quiet despair.  
 But to degrade herself, and break her vow,  
 Her vow to me to marry no one living  
 Except an artist—artist like myself—  
 It drives me back upon the verge of madness.

*Metsy.* But many say that Quentin is an artist !

*Mandynn.* A blacksmith boy an artist ! fools say so !  
 Begone, I tell you ; I will see them not.  
 A father's curse rests on an only daughter.  
 Christine, I bid you show this woman out ! *[Exit Mandynn.]*

*Metsy.* I never saw so obstinate a man ;  
 A most unfeeling and capricious monster !

*Christine.* He's mad, I tell you ; perchance next minute he  
 Will be in tears and calling for his child,  
 Or screaming Bergamot ! with all his voice.  
 If Quentin, when he comes, could only take  
 A brush and paint, and sketch out anything  
 To show himself an artist, Master Mandynn  
 Would give up all his choler like a child.

*Metsy.* It is a good suggestion ; we will use it.  
 He can do anything, I do assure you ;  
 You'll give them entrance, Christine, when they come ?

*Christine.* Trust me for that ; I'll give them ready entrance.  
 Why, I declare, there's some one stops without.

*Metsy (looking out of casement).* Run down, run down ! they're  
 here upon the step,

Quentin, and Master, Bergamot, and Lisa ;  
 Go, let them in, without another word. *[Enter all.]*

*Hans.* Well Metsy, gossip Metsy, so you're come

To spread the news abroad both far and wide.

'Tis quite a holiday for you, old woman,

My trusty, good, and excellent old woman.

If you were ten years younger I would kiss you ;

Nay, I will kiss you, as it is, for peace.

*Lisa.* I second that, my dear, my faithful Metsy !  
And Christine, too, God bless you ! are you well ?

*Christine.* Quite well, dear mistress ; better now than ever.

*Hans.* Metsy, at once inform me, where is Kasper ?

*Metsy.* Gone, Master, gone ; he sped to Haarlem,  
Where his own father even did disown him.  
Thence fled he into Spain to join a crew  
That seeks a new land far off in the West,  
Headed by one whom they do call Columbus.

*Hans.* My heart is easy, more I could not wish ;  
'Tis voluntary exile for his life.

*Lisa.* Christine ! my father, does he know we come ?  
Where is he now ?

*Christine.* There in the garden walks he all forlorn,  
Torn up with passions ; now he curses you,  
Next minute blesses you. Oh, mistress ! mistress !  
If Master Quentin here could only paint  
A devil on the wall, or anything,  
Your father would relent at once, I'm sure.

*Hans.* If that is all, then peace is quickly made.  
Here, Quentin, you can surely on the wall  
Paint up a devil or an animal ?  
When I was of your age I could have done it.  
I'll mix your colors ; come and try your hand.

*Bergamot.* No, that is all my business, Master Brinkt ;  
I know the way to set about the work ;  
There's not a thing touched since I left the room !

*Quentin.* Lisa, what say you ? shall I cast the die ?

*Lisa.* Yes, cast it quickly ; I am sure 'twill win.

*Quentin.* What shall I paint ?

*Metsy.* I should suggest a peacock, for its tail.

*Christine.* And I an apple-tree with apples on it.

*Bergamot.* I think the hunchback very like a devil.

*Lisa.* Or sketch a sweet Madonna with a baby !

No, no, I don't mean that, I mean a halo—

A halo round her head, that's what I mean.

*Quentin.* It were a dangerous venture that, my Lisa ;

I think, my friends, I'll try a butterfly,

And put it on this angry devil's tail !

Give me the brush, my Bergamot, and paint.

[*Paints.*

I will not touch it more ;

The strokes are few, but still it stands out well.

What think you, Lisa, will it suit the purpose ?

*Lisa.* 'Tis exquisite ! an artist's master-touch !

*All.* 'Tis excellent !

*Christine.* Now let me run and fetch my master here.

*Bergamot.* No, no, 'twere better not ; let all retire  
Except Christine, into my supper room.

I know his ways ; he'll not stop long below,

And if upon his devils but a speck

Should be detectable, he'll find it out.

[*All retire.*

*Enter MANDYNN.*

*Mandynn.* A curse, I say, a curse ; now who on earth  
Has dared to touch my palette and my brushes ?

A traitor ! oh, a traitor in the camp !

Christine, Christine ! Stay, are my devils safe ?

[*Re-enter Christine.*

Who lets in butterflies upon my devils ?

A brazen butterfly to rest him there !

[*Goes with his handkerchief to brush off the insect.*

By holy Peter, there he holds, like paint.

Why, 'tis a painting, nothing more nor less !

A glorious painting ! life ! life ! life itself !

*Christine.* When I came in, Sir, half-an-hour ago,



It looked so like a living butterfly,  
I tried to catch it for my little niece.

*Mandynn.* Bring me a chair ; I'll sit and look at it.  
Ha ! ha ! a butterfly like that might win  
A princess with a dowry. Oh, Lisa ! Lisa !  
Christine, come here, tell me who painted that ?

*Christine.* A gentleman who waits to speak with you.

*Mandynn.* Why keep him waiting for a moment, woman ?  
He is a greater artist than myself ! [Exit Christine.]  
If he should come to claim my daughter's hand,  
And she would have him ! No, no, no ! curse ! curse !  
Her head is wrong : sweet butterfly, I love you !

*Enter QUENTIN and CHRISTINE.*

*Christine.* The artist, Sir, who did the butterfly !

*Mandynn (embracing him).* Great artist, though unknown to  
me, I clasp you.

From many weary days of solemn sadness  
You have distracted me, and made me happy.

*Quentin.* It gladdens me, my art-devoted painter,  
To know that by an effort so conceived,  
And done as 'twere without a moment's notice,  
I should have made your heavy heart so light.  
But what is this poor labour for your humour,  
To the delight you can confer on me  
If it should suit your temper !

*Mandynn.* Artist, I honour you ; I say, I honour you,  
And whatsoever you may ask I'll do,  
If 'tis within my means.

*Quentin.* It is within your means ; you have a daughter,  
And I have heard it said that you have made  
A solemn vow that she shall marry none  
Except an artist ; now if—

*Mandynn.* Stop ! stop ! you touch me on a tender point.  
My daughter is not here ; and if she were,

She is distracted on one Quentin Matsys,  
A blacksmith artisan in vulgar iron.

*Quentin.* But if your daughter came, and did consent?

*Mandynn.* 'Tis vain, 'tis vain; I tell you she hath followed  
A blacksmith, and disgraced her father's house,  
And made her vow a lie.

*Quentin.* Still, if she would consent, what then, what then?

*Mandynn.* What then? why, then I'd make no opposition.

*Quentin.* You would relent; but, mark me, I am poor,  
And quite a self-taught artist!

*Mandynn.* 'Tis innate in you, lad, and you should have her;  
But little know you of a maiden's heart!

*Enter LISA.*

*Lisa.* Father! dear father! he doth know it all,  
He takes you at your word; 'tis Quentin Matsys,  
Who on the rack but ten days past was stretched,  
And now, as artist, claims your daughter's hand!

*Mandynn.* Now, damn the fellow! no, I mean God bless him!  
Quentin, I owe you pardons by the thousand;  
Give me your hand, my boy; now her's—now both;  
Now both together—she is ever yours.

*Enter HANS.*

*Hans.* Well said, old devil-painter! Let me, too,  
Unite their hands, for Quentin is my son.  
This is the best day's work I ever saw;  
The iron hot, we've struck the bond at last.

*Enter BERGAMOT as a Devil.*

*Bergamot.* Master! can I do anything to-day?

*Mandynn.* Nothing, except shake hands, my worthy servant.

*Christine.* Good Father Basil, Sir, and Mistress Brinkt,  
And Gertrude Brinkt, come in to join our meeting.

*Mandynn.* They are right welcome ! friends, the sun is high,  
And shines once more on painter Mandynn's house.

*Enter* BASIL, Mistress BRINKT, and GERTRUDE.

*Basil.* Painter, thy devils now may rest in peace,  
For better friends 'twere hard to find 'mongst Christians !  
If all thy devils do such goodly work,  
Thou shalt put one on the Cathedral walls.  
My children, take my blessing ; bless you both,  
May love and fame be yours ; they shall be yours.

*Gertrude.* But I shall be a bridesmaid, Lisa says it ;  
Have you no blessing for a bridesmaid, Father ?

*Basil.* Yes, take it, and the hope that follows it—  
That from a bridesmaid thou may'st march a bride,  
And lean upon a bridegroom such as Quentin.

*Mistress Brinkt.* Amen ! dear Father, 'tis my own fond hope.

*Hans.* Amen ! I say to that.

*Gertrude.* Amen ! Amen !

*Christine.* There is another lingers at the door,  
And on his knees begs entrance.

*Mandynn.* Let no one stay without at such an hour !

*Enter* LUDWIG.

*Ludwig.* Quentin ! upon my knees I pray forgiveness !

*Quentin.* 'Tis granted ere 'tis asked ; rise, my poor comrade !  
Kneel, if you will, to him, the reverend Father,  
And pour your sins out with an open faith ;  
If he forgive, it is enough for me.

*Basil.* By grief and shame subdued, he bent to heaven,  
And poured out his whole heart to the Supreme ;  
And heaven, forgiving, gave him strength to act,  
To fly from evil, and, repentant, come  
And state his griefs to my most ready ear.  
Thus made he full amends for his foul crime,

By checking it ere yet it reached its height.  
 It was on his confession I was led  
 To speed me to thy rescue, and to blot  
 From out the land a plague-mark of the church.  
 His sin is cancelled, and he lives again,  
 To grow a happier and a wiser man.

*Bergamot (coming forward).* The Fifth Act ended with a loud  
 applause,

And all the players are well satisfied ;  
 But mischief-making playwrights ply their skill  
 To drive us on into another piece,  
 The end of which the devil cannot fathom ;  
 For when young actors marry on the stage,  
 Who dares predict what characters they'll bring  
 Into the various scenes? Then let us turn  
 Discreetly from the future, and remain  
 Contented with a reading of the past.

F I N I S.

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